Vol. XCVII.—No. 1261] FEBRUARY 15, 1928 [Registered as a Newspaper

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The BYSTANDER

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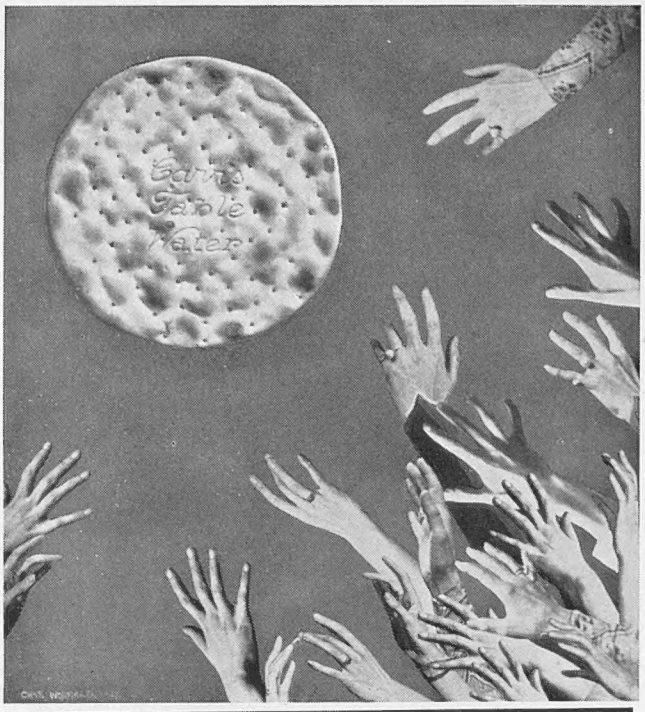

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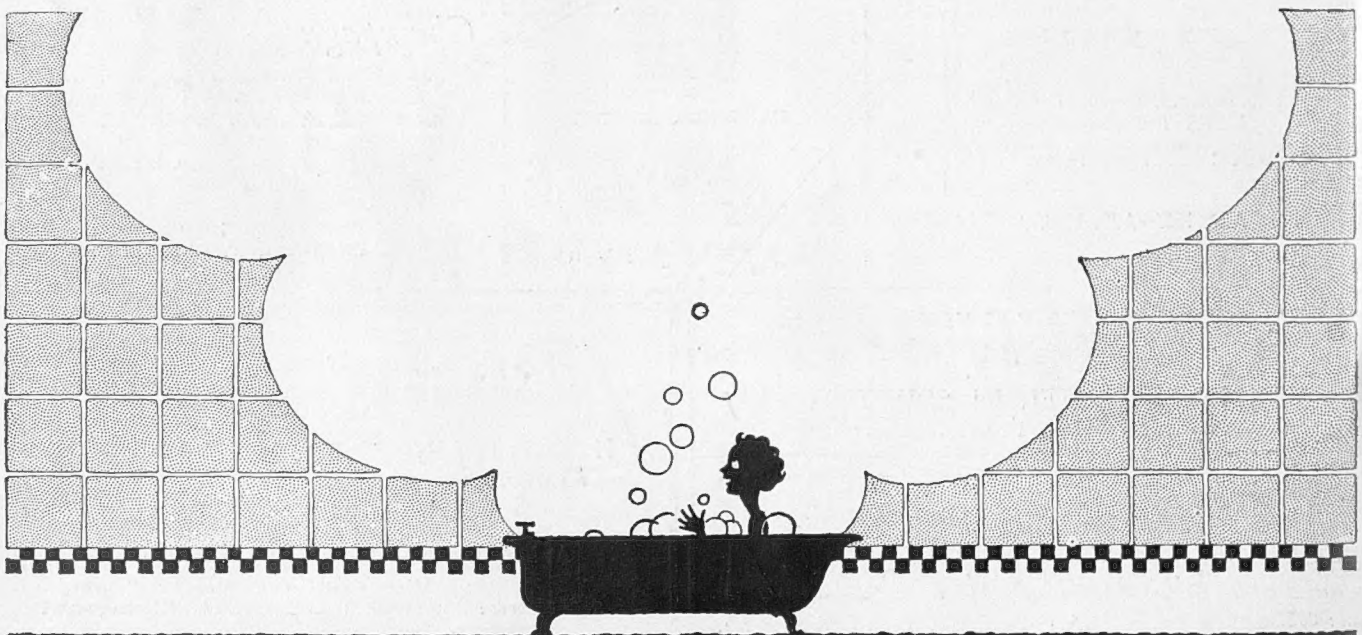

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6D PER TABLET BATH SIZE 10D

The Bystander, February 15, 1928 No. 1261 Vol. XCVII

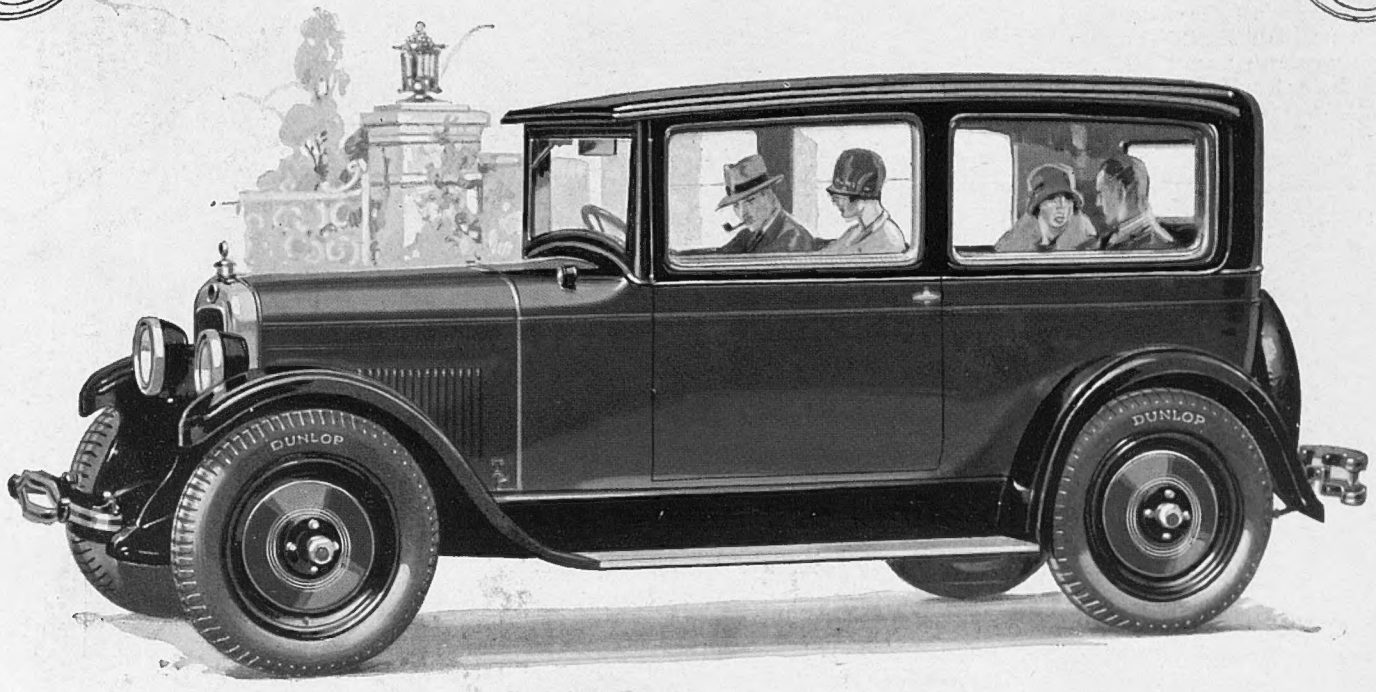
The BYSTANDER

Specially painted for "The Bystander" by Coller

FAMOUS RUGBY PLAYERS—No. 15—D. TURQUAND-YOUNG

The well-known Richmond forward, who this season has gained English International honours. "Turkey" is a fine-built forward with great dash in the "loose"—he is seen here after the recent mud battle between London and the Waratahs

NASH



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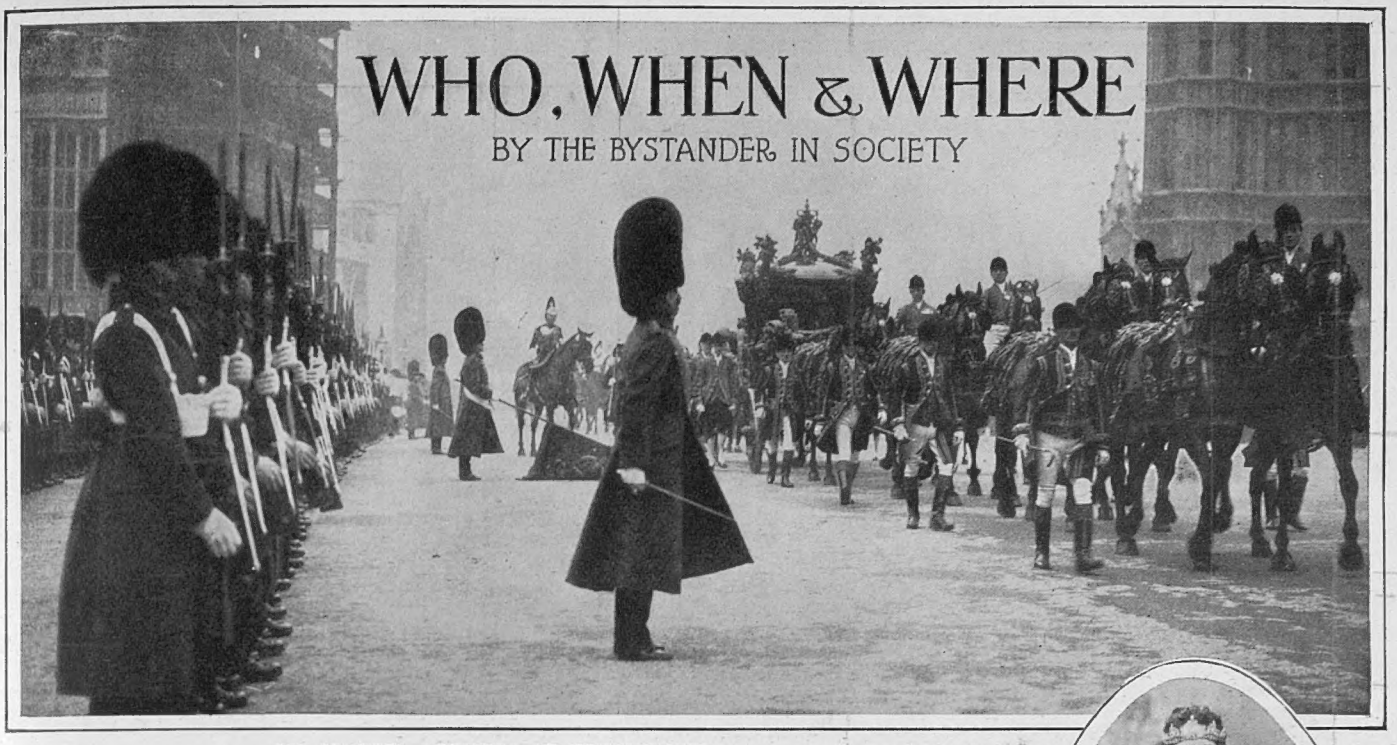
C.F.H.

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY



HIS MAJESTY ARRIVING AT WESTMINSTER *Sport and General*

The King arriving at the House of Lords to open Parliament last week. Owing to the indisposition of the Queen, the King was attended in the State coach by the Earl of Granard, Master of the Horse. The small photographs show some of the Peeresses who were present at the ceremony

The Opening of Parliament

THE Queen enjoys such good health, and her absence from any State function or engagement because of indisposition is so unusual, that some of the lieges were inclined to read something more serious than really existed in the announcement, on the eve of the opening of Parliament, that Her Majesty would not be able to accompany the King—for the first time since the accession—to the stately ceremony in the House of Lords last week.

The plain fact is that the Queen, whenever she has the misfortune to catch a cold, cannot shake it off easily. That is one of the tiresome things about colds. With some of us they work their wicked will and then depart. With others, having done all their uncomfortables, they cling on for another week or so, a faint echo of their worst moments, but full of unpleasant possibilities if the remains are not humored and cosseted.

The Queen had a bad cold for nearly a week before the Court left Sandringham, but was sufficiently recovered to accompany the King to London, and to receive the Canadian farmers. In parenthesis, I must say here that those farmers will never forget their reception at the Palace and the King and Queen's interest in themselves and their lives.

Cipriani's great gilded coach and the doctors were the deciding factors that it would be unwise for the Queen to go to the opening of Parliament. When you have the remains of a cold still clinging persistently it is unwise on a cold day to make a progress at a foot's pace in a coach all glorious without but a refrigerator within, because most of its sides are glass. Then, there was the thin dress to be considered; the

Photopress

THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND

Fox

LADY BEAUMONT

Topical

LADY BROWNLOW

I.B.

LADY BURGH

Alfieri

MRS. J. T. WIGAN, MRS. STEWART, MISS WALKER, MISS KIDSTON, AND MISS I. DALY

IN THE PADDOCK AT WARWICK

The camera's record of some of those who saw the 'Chases at Warwick last week

Alfieri

LADY WILTON AND MISS PAMELA COVENTRY

News Illus.

BRIG.-GENERAL AND MRS. E. A. WIGGIN

Alfieri

LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE AND COL. BASIL HANBURY

Alfieri

MRS. I. SHEPPARD WITH MRS. A. POLLOCK

entered the House of Lords and took his place on a solitary throne.

The Queen's Absence

THE Queen's absence sheared the ceremony of more than half its wonted brilliance. The protocol was followed exactly as in other years. The dimmed lights flared up at the entrance of the Sovereign, preceded by the gorgeously tabarded Heralds and Pursuivants and the great officers of State. Crimson-robed peers bowed, be-diamonded peeresses sank in profound curtsys. But that superbly regal figure with great jewels blazing in her hair, round her throat, and all down the front of some shimmering, wonderful gown, was not there. It made a prodigious difference.

Londonderry House

EVERY year on the night before the opening of Parliament those of us who are fortunate enough to be asked go to Londonderry House to the great party Lord and Lady Londonderry give "to meet the Prime Minister." These parties will become historic because—unless things change vastly—they will be the last political receptions on so big a scale to be held in a private house.

To begin with, there is no other house now left in London in private hands, except Bridgwater House, where such an assemblage could be gathered, and there is no house where you could have that wonderful *mise en scène* of the guests ascending the staircase to be greeted at the top by that gracious figure flashing with diamonds, Lady Londonderry.

Round the four sides of the head of the staircase at Londonderry House are spaces from which one can look down the staircase and out into the great hall beyond. Wise people, therefore, arrive early on this night of Lady Londonderry's party to secure a place at the top of the stairs. They are rewarded by a scene which always reminds your Bystander of something in a novel by Ouida, except, as one ultra-Conservative person said last week, *décolletage;* the draughts in the Royal Gallery; possible draughts in the House of Lords. The superb ermine train which the Queen wears for the ceremony, and which is borne by pages through the Royal Gallery and into the House, with the Mistress of the Robes touching one side of it with extended forefinger, is only weight on the shoulders. It affords no warmth.

All this is why the King, robed, and crowned with the diadem of Empire, for the first time since he ascended the throne passed through the Royal Gallery alone,

Alfieri

MISS HUGHES, MISS PENN AND MR. AND MRS. G. LEES

THE POINT-TO-POINT SEASON

The New College and Magdalen Point-to-Point meeting at Oddington attracted a large number of onlookers, some of whom are seen in these photographs

Alfieri

MISS GLYNNE AND LADY ANNE CAVENDISH

L.N.A.

MRS. HAROLD FROGLEY AND MISS I. BEECHEY

Sport and General

LORD ASTOR WITH THE HON NANCY ASTOR AND MISS DIANA CAVENDISH

" The women mostly looked like coloured bananas," instead of having the flowing dresses and long trains of the Ouida period.

Débutantes

THE officials at the Lord Chamberlain's office in St. James's Palace must be the most patient and the most courteous people in the kingdom. Already they are being besieged by countless inquiries from a continual stream of callers, but nothing ruffles their urbanity, no matter how stupid the questions may be. And it is surprising how colossally stupid some people can be, even with rules and regulations all set out in print.

This year there will be an unusual number of what are called " interesting " presentations. Amongst these will be daughters of two Cabinet Ministers, Miss Diana Churchill, the daughter of Mr. Winston Churchill, and Miss Diane Chamberlain, the daughter of Sir Austen Chamberlain. Viscountess Astor will present her only daughter—she has four sons—the Hon. Nancy Astor, and it is expected that the only daughter also of the Viceroy of India, the Hon. Anne Wood, will likewise make her curtsy.

Then Lady Mary Lygon, Earl and Countess Beauchamp's third daughter, will join her sisters, Lady Lettice and Lady Sibell Lygon, in the pleasant world of " being out," and the same thing will happen with Earl and Countess Jellicoe's third daughter, Lady Norah Jellicoe, whose two elder sisters, Lady Gwendoline and Lady Myrtle, are already out. A cousin of Lady Mary Lygon, the Duke of Westminster's second daughter, Lady Mary Grosvenor, will be presented by her mother, Constance Duchess of Westminster. Other only daughters to be presented are Lady Veronica Blackwood, the daughter of the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava; Lady Isobel Blunt-Mackenzie, the daughter of the Countess of Cromartie; the Hon. Ursula Vivian, daughter of Lord and Lady Swansea; and Miss Jessamine Gordon, the daughter of Lord and Lady Dudley Gordon, and granddaughter of the Marchioness of Aberdeen, who will also have a second granddaughter presented, the Hon. Margaret Sinclair, daughter of the late Lord Pentland.

Miss Mathilde Verne

THE many pupils and admirers of Miss Mathilde Verne will be delighted to hear that she is recovering from her recent illness, but it will be some little

News Illus.

A group including Mrs. Booker, Mrs. Allsop, Miss Hodges, Miss Hare, Miss Nickalls, Miss Booker, the Hon. Hugh Grosvenor, Mr. H. Walford, Mr. M. Lubbock, and Mr. Allsop

British Illus.

Seated: Mrs. Yorke, Miss Le Flemming, Mrs. Wills, and Miss Sturges-Jones. Standing: Captain Dunbar-Machonachie Mr. R. C. Le Flemming, Capt. Hoskyns, Mr. Yorke, and Capt. D. M. Wills

time, I am afraid, before she can resume those delightful "Twelve o'clocks," her pianoforte recitals at the Æolian Hall.

Creepy

I SUPPOSE we have all heard stories of unexplained and mysterious happenings in houses, but this one is certainly the most singular I myself have ever encountered.

The house is not an old one as country houses go—some seventy years or so. It is of moderate size, one or two biggish rooms on the ground floor having been added in comparatively recent years. It is about thirty miles from London in one of the home counties, and in a neighbourhood where there are many similar houses. The garden is unusually good and well laid out, the great feature of it being a large pond, the banks of which a former tenant made into a remarkable water garden. The present tenant has been there for some years, and it is only recently that there have been "manifestations." These were first noticed after a maidservant had run out of the house in the dead of night and drowned herself in the pond.

British Illus.

Standing: Mr. E. Tiarks, Miss Fenwick, Mr. H. Tiarks, Miss Brinton, and Mr. R. Wilson. Seated: Mrs. Frank Tiarks, Mr. Frank Tiarks, Lady Hodges, and Vice-Admiral Sir Michael Hodges

DANCING IN THE WEST COUNTREE

Some of those who were present at the Mendip Hunt Ball. It was held at the Guildhall, Bath

Every "manifestation" comes only from one room, and is described by two people who have slept in the room as a curious whistling sound which appears to come from the window, and sweep round and round the walls. The sound, in both these cases, created a sensation of unreasoning fear, and an overpowering impulse to rush out to the pond.

In one case—that of a young undergraduate who had purposely slept in the room because of his absolute disbelief of the story and in the existence of "manifestation"—his host and hostess were awakened by loud cries of fear in the night. They rushed into the passage just as the young man dashed out of the room in a state of collapse through sheer terror. He could only repeat what the other man had said—the whistling sound swinging round and round the room, a paralysing sense of fear, and an uncontrollable impulse to go out to the pond.

The other occupant of the room was a priest. He declared that he only re-

SITTING IT OUT *Topical*

Dancers at the Glamorgan Territorial Ball, at the City Hall, Cardiff, enjoying an "easy." The photograph shows, at back: Major H. S. Briggs, Mrs. Gate, and Surgeon-Lieutenant W. V. Gate, R.N. In front: Major L. M. P. Sullivan (left), Mrs. Berry Haycraft, Mr. M. Meggilt, and Major Berry Haycraft

sisted the impulse towards the pond by prayer. Investigation has shown that since the building of the house three people—two of them servants—have drowned themselves in the pond.

The curious thing is that during the two tenancies before the present one not a sign or sound was heard of anything unusual or uncanny. And this despite the fact that these two tenancies between them covered a period of no fewer than twenty years!

Whether there is an explanation or not of these "manifestations," the present tenants are leaving the house. The supernatural is too evident here for their peace of minds

Inheritance of Good Looks

WHEN Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, the daughter of the late Marquess of Ormonde and Elizabeth Marchioness of Ormonde, married General Sir Reginald Pole-Carew he was considered the handsomest man in the Army and Lady Beatrice one of the most beautiful women in Society. Their son, Sir John Carew Pole, has inherited much of his parents' striking good looks.

The General died four years ago, and two years later his son succeeded his kinsman, Sir Frederick de la Pole, as the twelfth holder

Bassano

AFTER THE CEREMONY

Mr. Walter Sale, of the Royal Horse Guards, photographed with his bride, formerly the Hon. Ismay Fitzroy, youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Southampton. The wedding took place at Holy Trinity Church

of that old baronetcy, taking the name of Carew Pole in place of Pole-Carew by deed-poll.

With the baronetcy came Shute House, near Kilmington, in Devonshire. Many of its treasures had to be sold because of the death duties. But the greatest treasure of the house, the portrait of Anne Lady de la Pole, by Romney, had been sold thirteen years before for £41,700. You will remember the price it fetched in the famous Michelham sale in Arlington Street. Besides Shute, Sir John has his father's beautiful place, Antony, at Torpoint, in Cornwall.

L.N.A.

THE KING AT A WEDDING

The Marquess of Hamilton photographed with his bride, formerly Lady Kathleen Crichton, after their marriage at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. His Majesty the King attended the wedding

Vandyk

A RECENT ENGAGEMENT

Miss Editha Margaret Webb, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur S. Webb, of Sittingbourne, whose engagement to Mr. Simonds de Brett, of the Royal Engineers, has recently been announced. Mr. de Brett is the only son of Brig.-Gen. H. S. de Brett and Mrs. de Brett

A SOCIETY BRIDE *L.N.A.*

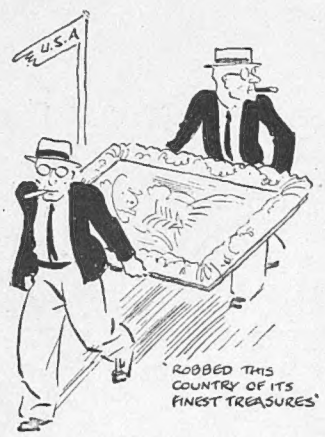
Mr. Walter Grattan Wilkinson and his bride, formerly Miss Eugene McCallum, photographed after their wedding at Brompton Oratory. Mrs. Wilkinson is the daughter of the late Col. Sir Henry McCallum and Lady McCallum

And now the young baronet, who is twenty-six, and is in the Coldstreams, is engaged to be married to the daughter of Mr. Walter Burns, whose parents were Americans, and whose sister is Viscountess Harcourt.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

New York

I HAVE not always agreed with Mr. Jacob Epstein, the sculptor, and I loathe his so-called memorial in the bird sanctuary of Kensington Gardens because I think it would frighten any bird that ever came out of an egg; but when he sees potential beauties in the skyscrapers of New York I am entirely with him. At first blush you would imagine that he was again trying to tickle the ears of the groundlings with an extravagant profession of faith, but anyone who knows New York knows that the towers of this new city are as beautiful in their queer way as anything that the past has handed down to us.



American Culture

AND when Mr. Epstein goes on to praise the Americans for their Culture lust, which has robbed this country of its finest treasures, we cannot but agree. It is as easy to scoff at a new people as it is to make a wry face at a new wine, but when you say hard things of American jazz, for instance, don't forget that they have the finest operas, the finest conservatoires, and the finest symphony orchestras in the world. But for the encouragement of cultured Americans many of our best musicians would starve. So let us stop being funny about "this jazz stuff" and start to put our own house in order.

BUT FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF CULTURED AMERICANS MANY OF OUR BEST MUSICIANS WOULD STARVE

Behind the Scenes

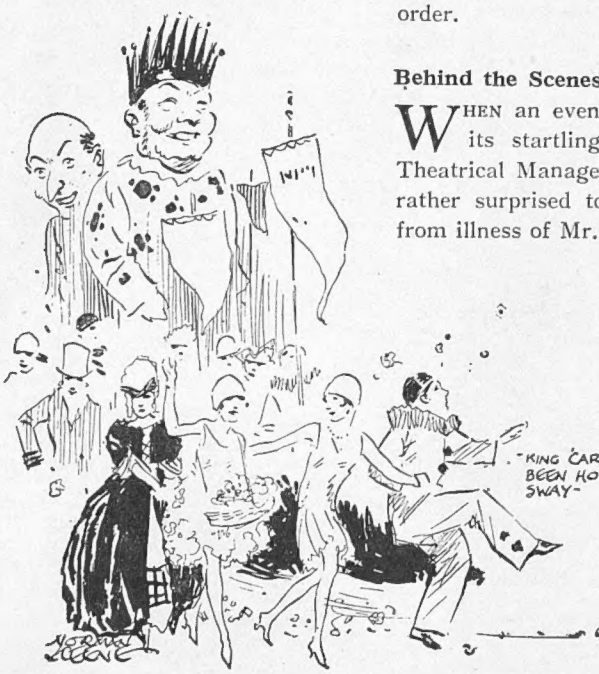
WHEN an evening paper came out with its startling poster, "Tragedy of a Theatrical Manager," ordinary readers were rather surprised to read only of the death from illness of Mr. T. Dawe, of whom many of them had never heard. But the last months of Tommy Dawe's life were a tragedy indeed, and if he was not known to the general public he was extremely popular with large numbers of professionals in that happy-go-lucky world of Behind the Scenes.

A Real Friend

HE was the husband of Ella Retford, the variety artist, and he came into prominence by reason of his association with the late James White. They were always about together, and when Jimmy was the power behind the Tivoli Cinema, in the Strand, Tommy was installed as managing director. At this period the friendship was a very fine and profitable thing, but when the crash came Tommy Dawe was able to prove that he was no fair-weather friend. Although badly hit, with the ruins of a career around him, he stuck to his dead friend, wound up his affairs so far as it was possible to do so, and never squealed once. I ask no better friend than this.

A Golden Torch

WHEN a rather flamboyant scribe wrote of carrying a torch of mimosa down the fog-bound ways of Piccadilly he was reproved by the gift of Spring flowers from our own Cornish Riviera. But I do not blame him, for anyone who has seen the miracle of the mimosa on the Côte d'Azur at this season of the year must always be a little homesick for that lovely land. Australians will, of course, remind me that the mimosa which is the glory of Cannes was imported from the Antipodes, but it has been acclimatised these hundred years, and is now thoroughly at home in the South of France.



Two Playgrounds.

KING CARNIVAL has been holding sway at Nice during the past week, and the season—with the close of the Cannes Tennis Tournament—is approaching its height. The claims of Switzerland are being emphasised by the near approach of the Olympic Winter Sports at St. Moritz, and altogether the two great European playgrounds are combining to attract an unusual number of visitors from our damp and draughty shores. Yet London seems as full as ever, and the popular resorts are well patronised. Once again one wonders where all the people—and all the money—come from.

Come to Cornwall

To return, however, to our own English Riviera, it cannot be too widely known that the Spring flowers of Cornwall will soon be in full bloom, and there is no more delightful centre for an early holiday. If you have not been to the Scillies when the daffodils are being harvested for the London market you have missed one of the real pleasures of life. A visit to Penzance, Falmouth, or St. Ives round about Easter is a never-to-be-forgotten experience—to be compared with a trip to Holland when the tulips are flaming across the flat landscapes.

A Notable Publisher

MR. JONATHAN CAPE, who was mixed up in a lawsuit recently, is one of the later invaders of the publishing business to whom the reading public should be particularly grateful. He has published many interesting books, but his chief claim to fame rests on his jolly Travellers' Library, which in format and selection is so far ahead of its many imitators. I think I could read my income tax demand with pleasure if it happened to occur in this very delightful series. The best volume so far is E. A. Coppard's "Adam and Eve and Pinch Me." Get it!

By DAVID WILSON

HIS "VALENTINE"!

A Fine Record

Of the books that Mr. Cape has given us one need only mention two or three to place him in the front rank of his profession. Everyone has read "Lawrence and the Arabs," and everyone is still reading "Mother India," that strange, brooding biography of the mysterious East. Emil Ludwig's "Genius and Character" has been read by the most discerning, and "Aloysius Horn—The Ivory Coast in the Earlies" is selling better than ever now that the author is in London. This venerable and adventurous Lancastrian is busy having his portrait painted, and I hope it will be finished in time to find a place in Burlington House when the Academy opens.

A Test of Fame

I am not pleased to be reminded that Grock, the famous French clown, is thinking of retiring and that he will never again visit London in a professional capacity. Grock is one of the theatrical personalities of his age, and his season at the Coliseum was always a joy. A year ago in the cabarets of Paris they were singing a song about him which was a little masterpiece in itself, and that alone is a proof of popularity fit to rank with personal mention in a crossword puzzle.

Writing on the Wall

The good people of Hove have dealt another blow to greyhound racing by voting against its introduction into the borough by a majority of three to one. This wealthy neighbour of Brighton has always been a trifle exclusive, but that she is also broad-minded was proved when she willingly accepted a local pawnbroker as one of her earliest Mayors. The Town Council was dead against greyhound racing, but it was a wise move to test public opinion with a referendum, and the answer of the loyal burgesses is significant—amounting almost to the writing on the wall.

We Wonder Wistfully

The successful floating of the new Old Vic. prompts us to wonder wistfully if something similar can be done for the West End. It is encouraging to find Shakespeare in the New Cut, *The Beggar's Opera* at Hammersmith, and a revival promised at Sadlers Wells; but, seriously, can't we have a permanent Repertory Theatre, not confined to Shakespeare, in which famous plays of the past might live again their little hour? Take a play like *Outward Bound*. It may or may not be good for a run, but it should never be finally scrapped; and I, for one, am prepared to visit it regularly once a year at least.

Macbeth and the "Third Man"

Macbeth in modern dress at the Court Theatre the other night was so appallingly up to date that one's mind was continually taken away from the play in noting "all those improvements which are indispensable to the modern householder"—whiskies and soda, cigarettes, plus fours, gramophones "off," electric reading lamps, and *pouffe* cushions on the settees. I also noticed particularly, in the first scene, that when a group of officers lit up cigarettes they were careful to avoid giving the third light with the same match! Mary Merrall made an attractive vamp of Lady Macbeth, while Scott Sunderland and Frank Pettingell were excellent in their respective parts of Macduff and the Porter.

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

In Other Climes

I HAVE lately been taking my racing—in occasional doses—far from what Mr. Winston Churchill aptly described a few days ago as the clamour of the ring. I have enjoyed the experience of hearing the sporting folk of the Basses-Pyrénées, joined by a good sprinkling of English visitors, cheering home the winners at the Hippodrome de Pau. The meetings recently held there are the most important of the year in that particular part of France. Each time I visited the course the crowd filled the tolerably capacious grand stand. Here you get excellent value for your money, as the cost of admission is no more than 30 francs, and appreciably less for ladies. The day's programme consists of five races, and the entertainment is excellent—quite equal, in fact, to that which you get at the majority of jumping meetings in England.

AT THE WATER *Central News*

The Hon. W. W. Astor, on Geoffrey Austin, taking the water jump in the New College Grind Challenge Cup, which he won. The race was one of the events in the New College and Magdalen Point-to-Point 'Chases at Oddington, near Islip

BY "THE TOUT"

"FORMS AT A GLANCE"

Capt. E. J. L. Speed is another of those enthusiasts from the Life Guards who help to keep the real sporting spirit of steeplechasing still alive. Mather-Jackson has a useful string of jumpers in training at Hellidon, near Daventry. George Duller is still out by himself as regards jockeyship, and the odds laid on his mounts are usually justified

Across Country

THERE was one race which I found most delightful to watch. From the roof of this stand you have a perfect glimpse of all its exciting incidents. In some respects it is even better than a steeplechase at Aintree, where it is quite impossible to see every jump from the stands. The race to which I refer was a cross-country steeplechase of three and a quarter miles. The regular racecourse is seldom touched in the course of the journey, which practically comprises two figures of eight. *En route* all manner of obstacles are encountered, including formidable Irish banks, post-and-rails, walls, and all the other jumps with which followers of the Pau Foxhounds are familiar. As a fact, the horses competing have all been hunted with that pack, and the fact that the ten which started managed to complete the course without mishaps shows how clever these jumpers are.

A Suggestion

THE event is for amateur riders, and they invariably include several officers riding in uniform. It will not interest you to know how the horses were placed at the end, but you can take it that the affair was eminently sporting. If a similar race could be arranged on a suitable English course it would assuredly prove immensely popular. I commend the suggestion to any enterprising executive at home which wishes to increase its winter "gates." We were reminded of English racing when we saw Forseti being saddled for the Prix de Palais d'Hiver. The big event of the day, this was a hurdle race of about two miles, worth 75,000 francs. The memory of Forseti's victory in the Cesarewitch was quite enough to cause English visitors to make him their choice, and their speculations at the Pari-Mutuel caused him to become favourite. With the locals, however, a popular selection was Le Beau, a four-year-old to whom Mr. A. K. Macomber's horse was conceding weight for age.

At the Pari-Mutuel

GOING on "information received," I deemed it prudent to back both of them. They were first and second, and as the price of the winner, Le Beau, worked out at about 4 to 1, I had nothing to complain of. Forseti has the reputation nowadays of being liable to decline to do his best, but this time there was nothing wrong with his performance. His defeat was mainly due to the journey being a bit too short for this fine stayer. The pace was a cracker from the start, so Forseti's jockey had to hustle him along almost from the earliest stages of the race in order that he should keep a good place. These tactics hardly suited the old horse, who was, however, easily second best. It was interesting to be betting on the Pari-Mutuel at a time when the prospects of the installation of a similar system of betting at home is being so much discussed. Perhaps the only objectionable feature is that one is betting in the dark to some extent. In other words, you never know quite what prices will be returned about the winners and placed horses, though a study of the situation helps you to form an approximate idea of how the starting prices will work out.

The System in England

THERE is nothing attached to the system which could not be worked at the smaller English meetings, but I assume that when the "tote" arrives here we shall have the up-to-date Australian machine, which will be in use at Longchamp this year, and enables the odds to be officially declared a minute or two after the horses have passed the winning post. You miss the "roar of the ring" when punting at the Pari-Mutuel, but that is a loss which comparatively few racegoers will lament. In France no sooner is one race over than the numbers go into the frame for the next, and you have plenty of chance to see the horses in the paddock before they go out.

Sport and General

A HERTFORDSHIRE MEET

Captain Bertram Mills chatting with Major G. Smith-Bosanquet at a recent meet of Major Smith-Bosanquet's Hunt. Hounds met at the Manor House, Little Berkhamsted, the residence of Captain Mills

Hunting Notes

By A. W COATEN

Further Changes

With the unanimous approval of the general meeting of members and subscribers, the Grafton Hunt Committee have accepted the offer of Major Vivian D. S. Williams, of Green's Norton Court, Towcester, and his neighbour, Mr. Arthur Eustace Seymour Guinness, of Green's Norton Hall, who filled the office of High Sheriff of Northants in 1921, to hunt the Grafton country next season as Joint-Masters in succession to Lord Hillingdon, who is retiring for private reasons. Major Williams (who acted for some time as hon. secretary to the Hunt) and Mrs. Williams are well known in the rings at all the big horse shows and in the hunting field. Not only are they frequent prize-winners with both hunters and park hacks, but they have the added satisfaction of riding their own horses and showing them to the best advantage. Mrs. Williams adheres to and adorns the side-saddle, by far the most graceful seat for a lady who is accustomed to it. With general financial support Major Williams and Mr. Guinness will take over the command of a first-rate pack of hounds in a country which is not only practically free from wire, but absolutely free from friction.

It is stated on high authority that Captain Hugh Alexander Jaffray, 11th Hussars, is to be Joint-Master of the Brocklesby next season. The Earl of Yarborough, who has been Master since 1880, was joined by his son, Lord Worsley, in 1925. During Lord Yarborough's minority his mother, the Countess of Yarborough, acted as Master from 1875 to 1880, and the pack has been under the control of a member of the Pelham family ever since 1714, when Mr.

Poole, Waterford

A FAMILY PARTY

A group taken at a recent meet of the Kilkenny, which has been showing great sport lately. It shows Mr. Grigg (left), Miss "Tommy" Grigg, Mr. Terence Langrishe, Mrs. Terence Langrishe, Sir Hercules Langrishe, and Mrs. Ralph Grigg, the mother of Mrs. Terence Langrishe

Charles Pelham, Sir John Tyrwhitt, and Mr. Robert Vyner agreed that the foxhounds kept by them should be joined in one pack and that they should act in turn as Masters for one-third of each season for a period of five years. On the termination of this agreement Mr. Charles Pelham became sole Master, and continued in office until 1763, when the first Lord Yarborough became Master. According to the Mr. Robert Vyner who was the author of *Notitia Venatica*, published in 1849, it was this first Lord Yarborough and his friend, Mr. Hugo Meynell, of Quorndon, who first introduced scientific hound-breeding, the most famous of

Sport and General

JOINT-MASTERS IN SUSSEX

Lord Cowdray and his brother, the Hon. Clive Pearson, photographed at a recent meet of the Cowdray at Burton House, Petworth. They are Joint-Masters of this famous Hunt

Topical

WITH THE COWDRAY

Lady Rachel Howard (standing) photographed with her sister, Lady Katherine Howard, at a recent meet of the Cowdray. This took place at Tortington Common, near Arundel

all their hounds being Brocklesby Rallywood 1843, who went to Belvoir in 1851, and both in the field and stud did so much to enhance still further the reputation of the Duke of Rutland's equally famous pack.

It will be learned with much regret, especially by foxhunters in South Wales, that there is every probability of another family pack being given up altogether, as Viscount Tredegar, who was obviously suffering from eye trouble when he presided at the general meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society, finds himself on that account unable to carry on the duties of Mastership; while Colonel Rivers-Smith, D.S.O., who has been acting as Master, is obliged to go to Ireland to attend to the management of his property there. The Tredegar country has been hunted by a member of the Morgan family since 1720.

THE DOGS' WATERLOO

By DELL LEIGH

Illustrations by NICK

If you want a couple of days' orgy of betting, when the dog really *does* get at the hare—though seldom, mark you, the dog I am backing—and there is none of this electrical anti-climax, all over in thirty-five seconds, Altcar is the place for you, and the Waterloo Cup your Valhalla.

It is a bright February morning—on paper. On the other hand, it may be, and probably is, raining steadily and ominously, and the rain is accompanied by a nice little north-east wind which sweeps persistently and bitterly across the plains of Altcar. No matter. The hares are there, hundreds of them: and the picked greyhounds of the world, quivering, expectant; trained to a half ounce of superfluous flesh—a graceful, splendid sight, none finer in the animal world

We come to the meadows of Lydiate or Hill House by car and train to-day, whereas our ancestors trundled there in buggies and barouches. Our clothes are somewhat different: we carry race glasses: we smoke endless cigarettes: some of us wear metal badges with the letters B.P.A.* upon them. But there is little else to distinguish this Waterloo Meeting of 1928 from the one held here a hundred years ago. It has not been modernised and mechanised. And the spirit of its patrons is the same—as no doubt it will be in 2028.

Picnic is the word for it. We have come out by one of the first special trains from Liverpool. At Lydiate the Meet is to-day, and we hurry through the station barrier, paying ten shillings for a race card which gives us admission to the vast flat meadows which stretch into the haze. Millionaire and mill-hand trudge side by side in equality of path to the coursing ground, the while hares get up to right and left unceasingly.

Take a vacant space on the top row of the so-called stand (there is a bar of wood to lean against, and you have forgotten to bring a shooting stick) and absorb the scene. A course has just been completed, and there is a pause for another hare. No sound but the drone of the bookies all along the line: a yelp from a leashed dog in the background among the covered carts: a faint whiff of Elliman's Embrocation; someone's dog close at hand is being massaged . . .

"I'll *take* 6 ter 4" . . . "7 ter 2 Arfamo" . . . "Evens Jester's Pride": "Evens Junior Fag" . . . "I'll lay 2 ter 1 Phosphor Bronze": "2 ter 1 Torbay" . . . "Take 6 ter 4, take 6 ter 4." . . .

Glasses up: a swift concentrated survey. The wide, flat meadow, immense it seems, bleak and inimical to the hare that dares an entry upon it. The Judge, in velvet hunting cap, sitting statuesquely calm on a lovely horse away to the left there. To the right the little black blob of wooden shelter, and the pink coat of the Slipper half hidden within, bending over two ear-cocked greyhounds in the slips, a brindled and a fawn. Further to the right, on the edge of a huge stubble field, a line of diminutive beaters with flags stretching into the far distance. Nearer in, along the line of the slip shelter, crouching men, hare seeking in space. The stubble and short grass shake here and there: a mass of crouching hares is amongst it. We can all see them and are thrilled at the sight. Only the two dogs cannot see yet. Three, five, nine of them, khaki-coloured, get up and advance cautiously, like infantry in open order in enemy territory, as indeed they are. Something frightens them, a flag, a voice: they turn right, left, backwards, and lollop away into the mist.

Except one, a full-grown lanky fellow. He springs forward a bound or two: finds himself suddenly alone, deserted by all his pals: squats to consider a nasty situation (some thousands of people with money at stake are regarding him intently): moves forward again: hears the low rumble of voices: panics, and proceeds to his death.

A man nearby says, "Hare up: a good 'un: he'll give 'em a run." He is already running, belly to earth, ears flattened, straight into the danger zone. Past the Slipper's box (he little knows its dread contents) into the straight, wide meadow. One of the dogs sights him, squirms, yelps and strains at the leash. The other dog has not: the Slipper holds on tight. He runs with them, watching the retreating quarry steadily. The hare is what—two hundred yards ahead? Good enough! Away comes the leash, and off they go.

Five seconds it seems and they are on it, the brindled leading two lengths, jaws open to the kill. But the hare chinks, turns in its own length, and is doubling back. The dogs have swept on thirty yards or more. Again up—again a quick turn. The fawn is now piling up the points. Very nearly then—the hare is rolled over. Off again with the glaze of death terror in his eyes now. A-h! the fawn has him with an inward swerve and a quick, instant death snatch. The Judge trots back holding up a white handkerchief.

"Y-e-s, likely looking dog, that. What are they offering about him for the Cup? 1,000 to 80: H'm . . ." The bookies smile faintly: snap the locks of their bags, as usual, and turn to their blackboards to rub out a price.

"Now 'ere y' are: I'll take 5 ter 2 Ichabod," call the ingratiating voices once again.

"Well, I must get it back on this *next* course, after all!"

"Five seconds it seems and they are on it"

* Bookmakers' Protection Association

The Cream of Cruft's

BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

Cruft's has been described as "the Mecca of the Canine World" and "a democracy of aristocrats." Both terms are applicable, for last week 9,446 pedigree dogs were gathered together, and, as seen above, were all on the very best of terms with one another

Riviera Notes

By DOUGLAS W. THORBURN

THE first two days of racing at Cannes suffered from showers, as mentioned last week in my Notes, but since then we have fully atoned for this unfortunate start by having plenty of sunshine for the three following days' sport. I have just returned from the pleasant little course at Mandelieu, where a brilliant afternoon had brought together an enormous crowd from all parts of the Riviera. The spectators on the largest stand, in fact, were so densely packed together that Prince and Princess Christian of Hesse, who had reserved a *loge*, never succeeded in reaching it the whole afternoon. Evidently some better system of accommodation is necessary now that the daily attendance has reached such large dimensions.

Sport and General

FOUR TO PLAY

A quartette of golfing enthusiasts photographed whilst waiting to start a foursome on the links at Valescure. The group shows Miss Forster, Miss Betty Barrett, Miss Joan Barrett, and Miss Clayton

Prince Christian's elder daughter, Princess Augustine, by the way, has apparently inherited her father's excellent judgment in the matter of horses, for although this was her first visit to a race-meeting she very successfully picked out Orange Pip, the winner of the big hurdle race of the afternoon for a prize of 125,000 francs, after a careful study of all the starters in the paddock.

Sport and General

THE DAILY ROUND

Mr. Evans and Mrs. Sanderson seen during a round of golf under the bright Riviera sun. The photograph was taken on the links at Valescure

IT was an extremely well-dressed crowd, and among others I noticed in the enclosure were Prince and Princess Philippe de Bourbon-Siciles, Prince and Princess Gennaro de Bourbon-Siciles, the Rajah of Pudukota, Marquis d'Assche, Sir Edward Lucas, Sir Francis and Lady Curtis, Major and Mrs. Spencer Phillips, Mr. Ludwig Neumann, Colonel Charles Rowley, Count Raoul de Bourbel, Mr. Berry Wall, Miss Jenny Dolly, Mr. and Mrs. Montagu Glass, Colonel Mathew-Lannowe, with a number of leading polo players.

OUR programme of events for this week is the longest of the season so far, and even the most energetic of visitors—and we have some who seem to try to do everything—will not be able to get to more than a small proportion of the many sporting and social affairs announced. At Cannes we have our first Battle of Flowers on Wednesday. On Friday there is a *concours d'élégance en automobile*, the "*en*" indicating that points will be awarded for the elegant contents of the vehicle as well as for the vehicle itself, which means that a pretty girl in a pretty frock harmonising with the colour scheme of the coachwork will certainly catch the eye of the jury. There is a welcome innovation this time, for instead of a purely local French jury the verdict will be given by a number of well-known visitors, and among those who have agreed to act are Admiral Lord Wester Wemyss, Lady Orr Lewis and her daughter, Lady Kennard—the latter fortunately making a good recovery from her recent illness and operation—Lady Crosfield, General Sir Arthur Paget, Mrs. Henry Clews, Baron de Meyronnet de St. Marc, M. Jacques Richepin,

P. and A.

THE SUNNY SIDE

Visitors to the Côte d'Azur enjoying the sunshine among the palms of Beaulieu. The photograph shows the Hon. Dorothy Bethell (left), Lady Bethell, Lord Bethell, the Hon. Phyllis Bethell, and Mr. F. C. Pearce

C. N. Daly

A "FINAL" PHOTOGRAPH

Miss Ryan (left) and Miss Eileen Bennett on the courts at Cannes, where they met in the final of the Ladies' Singles of the Gallia Club's Tournament. Miss Bennett added to her laurels by once again beating her formidable Californian opponent

WINNING SMILES *Sport and General*

Henri Cochet receiving the Challenge Cup from Lady Crosfield after winning the Singles of the Gallia Club's Tournament. His opponent, Col. H. G. Mayes, who is seen on Lady Crosfield's right, ran him to five sets

Photographs **A CLUB CALL**

Lord Denman and General Herbert on the links at Valescure. It is impossible to take one's pleasures *too* seriously on the Riviera

THE LANDING PARTY *Sport and General*

Lady Beatty and the Earl of Ancaster arriving at the Gallia Club. They had just come ashore for a game on the Courts from Lord Beatty's yacht, Sheilah

and two noted French artists, Jean Gabriel Domergue and Picabia, both of whom own villas in the neighbourhood.

OTHER events this week include a big gala performance in the theatre of the Municipal Casino in aid of the French Red Cross. Offenbach's "Fille du Tambour-Major" will be given by an all-star cast, and a distinguished list of patrons and patronesses, headed by Princess Nicholas of Greece, will ensure an all-star audience of the kind for which Cannes is famous. The Gallia Courts tennis tournament having just ended, after a wonderful week of calm and sunny weather and splendid sport, interest in this game is now transferred to the international tournament at the Carlton Courts, where a record list of entries representing most of the countries in Europe, and a few others as well, will provide us with an interesting programme.

LADY BOOT is lending her beautiful villa for a recital by Mr. Sterndale Bennett in aid of the Church of England Waifs and Strays, an annual event which always attracts a big audience. The Dolly Sisters are giving a special performance at the Ambassadeurs for local charities. The Cannes Amateur Dramatic Club is producing *The Young Person in Pink* at the Cercle Nautique for the benefit of Sunny Bank British Hospital. Goulesco, the *tzigane* musician who made so great a hit recently at the Coliseum and the Green Park Hotel, and has since added to his fame in Paris and Berlin, is making his first appearance on the Riviera at the Pavillon d'Armenonville. There is a new and dazzling ballet of beautiful ladies, the Ballet Dayelma, quite worthy of comparison with the Ziegfeld Follies, and I should imagine just as hard to keep together; and the directors of the Kit-Cat Club, now considered the most amusing and Bohemian cabaret in the district, have discovered in Zaidee Jackson a dainty little coloured lady whose singing and dancing show most extraordinary talent and are rapidly becoming the talk of Cannes.

P. and A.

READY FOR WORK

K. B. Kozeluh, the professional lawn tennis champion, on the courts at Beaulieu. With him is Fräulein Eille Aussem, the German lady champion, whom he is coaching

MONTE CARLO is getting ready for an International Philatelic Exhibition, to be held in the Palais des Beaux-Arts from the 18th to the 26th of this month, and in addition to collections of stamps valued at millions of francs which will be shown, there will be a round of festivities for the benefit of collectors, and others who know nothing about the philatelic hobby whatever. One stamp alone to be brought over from America has cost its owner 500,000 francs, and the total insured value of the whole collection is no less than 100,000,000 francs. Schoolboys will be clamouring for permission to go to Monte Carlo, and so will many of their elders. D. W. T.

RUGGER REFLECTIONS

SCOTTISH DRAMA

By PENDARVES

EDINBURGH on this day was a subdued place, for the shadow of a great soldier lay black across the city. The crowds walked as of yore in Princes Street, but their gaiety had left them; innate good feeling quietened them. In the North British Hotel, the rendezvous of the Rugger world on a "National" morning, the crowds stood about chatting, as they always do, but the dominant note was Welsh. The trains had brought them there, and they hung about, leek-labelled, but taking the hint from the Scottish, which was, in effect, "We have got to play this game, but let us do so as inconspicuously as we can."

When the 35,000 people had assembled at Murrayfield — a much smaller crowd than usual—drama was switched suddenly on to the screen of things by the pipes wailing that most melancholy of all tunes, "The Flowers of the Forest," with an accompaniment of *crêpe*-covered drums; and the Rugger world rose to its feet as one man to pay its last homage to Haig. And then the Welsh, present in large numbers, burst into their usual and natural frenzy at sight of their red jerseys trotting on to the field. Scotland followed quickly, a team in which Edinburgh had little faith that day, and seemed to show it by the almost hesitant greeting the Scots gave to it.

It was a fierce, fast game, played in a high wind and driving rain. A game which, for the Scots, was a succession of poignant dramas, and for the Welsh tableau after tableau of pleasant surprises. The most ardent Welsh supporter could surely never have predicted so overwhelming a victory for the Principality, with its controversial side. The most sceptical Scotsman would have wagered almost his last sixpence at lunch-time against so convincing a defeat of his men. But a pointless defeat it was, with 13 notched against them—two goals and a try, with Scotland seldom, if ever, in a scoring position earned by meritorious movement.

I listened up there throughout a week-end among the critics, male and female (and the Scottish woman's voice on Rugger tactics is well worth listening to, for she *knows*), to the reasons why they failed in general, as to the particular shortcomings of her individuals, and as to the irreparable loss of her two star performers, and I kept my own counsel, for a mere Englishman's voice has no weight when the Scottish family circle plays Rugger in the abstract—he doesn't count.

But neither Jimmy Dykes nor Ian Smith, if he had been playing, would, I feel sure, have stemmed the tide of disaster on that day. Drysdale, their great full-back, but a shadow of his former self, and Macpherson, who seems to me to have gone over to the Soccer code, received more caustic criticism than the rest of the Fifteen. Yet the full force of the blame was not felt there, in my mind. The fault lay in the fact that Wales adopted the only tactics possible on that awful day, and Scotland did not. Wales opened the game with the kick-and-follow-up-and-smother-the-opposition business, and kept these aggressive tactics going unmercifully and powerfully from kick-off to no-side. To do this successfully and continuously for eighty minutes on a heavy ground with a strong wind blowing you have got to possess a heavy, fast, and fit pack. Wales, on that day's play, have got a terrific pack; the best lot I have seen emerge from Wales since the pre-war days. A far better pack, as regards prowess, than the one England played against at Swansea.

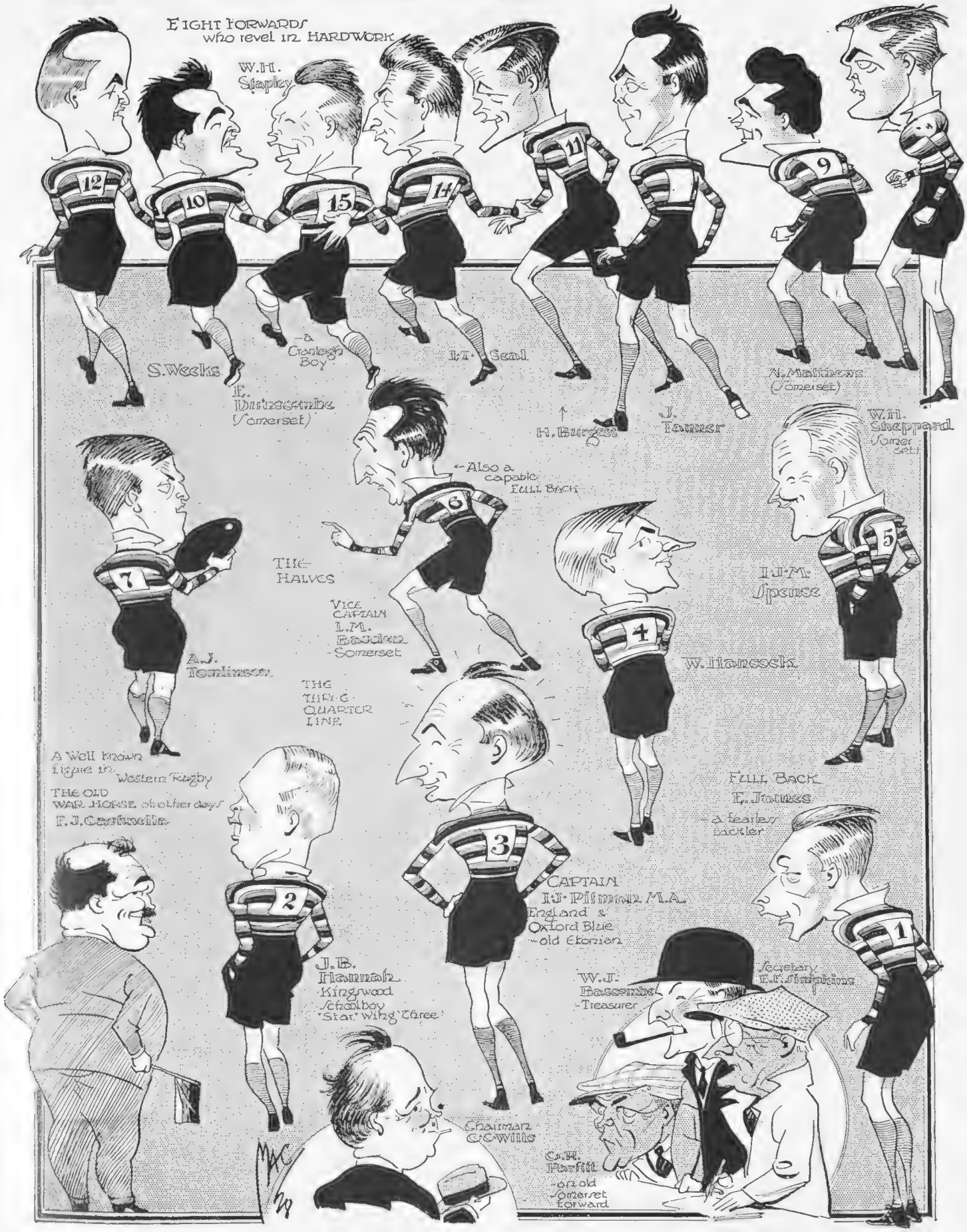
In fairness, however, one must add that the Scottish forwards stuck it manfully. They were getting a terrible time, and they hung on [Wales, by the way, hang on far too much!], and went down fighting, though some of them were half-dazed with exhaustion ten minutes before time. Their halves were no match for the two Johns, who played magnificently. Their three-quarters, especially in the centre, never got going, and when the other side got going it caught poor old Drysdale on his wrong foot every time.

There will be people now who will say that, on paper, we have got Scotland cold, because we have beaten Wales, and Wales have wiped the floor with them. Well, it *is* only on paper and nowhere else. Scotland, according to all her precedents, will now take drastic steps with her side. The men who played against Wales, if they appear at Twickenham—and many of them will—won't play as they did at Murrayfield; they will play a damsight better—for that is bonnie Scotland all over. Just when you think you have got a Scotsman he has invariably got you! One thing, however, *is* perfectly clear: The England-Scotland game of 1928 will be a gargantuan feast of exciting football. This writer has endeavoured to study both teams carefully, and all I can say is that I am thankful I have been able to hedge all my bets! One more small prophecy: Scotland will beat us forward—that is, if she beats us at all.

A COUNTY MATCH AT RICHMOND *G.P.U.*

The collapse of a scrum photographed during the recent County semi-final at Richmond, in which Cornwall defeated Middlesex by 5 points to 3. R. Cove-Smith, the England captain, is seen discussing the offside question with two gentlemen from the West Countree

Leading Rugger Clubs



No. 15.—BATH

Bath Rugby Football Club always produce a strong side, and they prove very pleasant opponents. Pitman, the captain of the "Red Sox Brigade," is the well-known Oxford and England threequarter

TWO WHITE ARMS

Produced January 23, 1928

By "JINGLE" *Illustrations by MACMICHAEL*

THIS amusing play would appear to explain to some extent Why Men Leave Home. Commander Liston, R.N. (retired), is the victim of too much matrimonial bliss. While he was away at sea the thought of those two white arms waiting for him at home made the prospect of leave seem quite delightful; but now that he is at home for good he realises that affection is rather like alcohol—too much of it goes to the head. If his wife should be called away from him for a moment she wants a lingering kiss, and she is never tired of placing for hubby's extra comfort sofa cushions that he does not want. As a fact he kicks them across the room as soon as his loving wife has turned her back. He is being treated like a pet Pom, and he does not like it.

THEN Dr. Berghersh, one of the very modern quacks of the psychological school, happens along, and the conversation turns on the subject of temporary loss of memory. The doctor mentions the strange case of a City man who left his wife in the morning intending to proceed to Manchester on business and who was discovered a day or two later at Brighton. He had forgotten his own name (among other things), and had registered at a fashionable hotel as the husband of another lady who, he was under the delusion, was his wife. When his own wife ran him to earth at Brighton, he did not recognise her. He could not even say who he was, but she probably volunteered her discursive opinion as to what he was. Fortunately, the quack doctor happened to be in the hotel, and he at once diagnosed the symptoms as loss of memory, which could be

cured (for a time at least) by gentle and humane treatment at home.

COMMANDER LISTON takes his cue from this pathetic story. In the Second Act we find him employed at a garage in Long Acre under an assumed name, selling cars of doubtful quality and very mixed origin. He has not so much lost his memory as deliberately mislaid it. Mr. Mullins, the proprietor, took to the young man at once, since his nice manners and glib tongue are great helps in the disposal of the kind of car generally referred to by the unsympathetic as "old iron." Miss Trixie, the proprietor's Cockney daughter, is clearly attracted by the fine gentleman who comes to work in faultless attire, and beautiful yellow gloves. As she seems excusably curious as to his antecedents, he tells her he is hiding from some people who want to take him away against his will. Saying which, he takes her fingers in his delicately gloved hand, and looks into the limpid depths of her eyes, and Trixie naturally gets the thrill of her life.

THEN Mrs. Lydia Charrington, a friend of the family, happens along, having been recommended to purchase one of the firm's half-breed cars. Liston is surprised to meet her in such a place, but with the lofty example of his Brighton prototype before him, he decides to play his cards in the right order. When Mrs. Charrington addresses him as Commander Liston he politely assures her that she is mistaken. Never heard of the gentleman. Mrs.

Stage Photo Co.

"LOOK AT PRETTY DOLLY"

Alison Liston (Molly Kerr) and Dr. Berghersh (Charles Carson) watch with anxiety whilst the well-meaning Mrs. Drury (Sydney Fairbrother) tries to revive the lost memory of her son-in-law, Cary Liston (Owen Nares), by showing him a childhood toy. The experiment, however, is not too successful

Charrington thinks this is a little strange as he is certainly wearing the Commander's clothes, to say nothing of the Commander's diamond scarf-pin. Being a practical lady, however, she decides to substitute deeds for words. She promptly buys a very mongrel car on condition that the young man, whoever he may be, shall drive her home.

A GOOD deal of riotous fun ensues. The Commander has not a very wide experience of cars, and for a long time he tries in vain to wind up the starter, till the mechanic on the spot shows him where he is going wrong. When the car is supposed to be ready to be off, it produces only a series of fierce grinding noises that seem to foretell an impending explosion, and Mrs. Charrington gets not unduly anxious

for her personal safety. Mr. Owen Nares, who is the Commander here, did, I understand, a great deal of expert work with cars during the War, and he can probably do anything with the machinery except play a tune on it. He certainly gets all the fun out of the situation that is possible, and the laughter is loud and continuous. Just as he has decided to start, and has cleared all intruding pedestrians out of the way, the car jumps back several feet, and

looks as if it had come to anchor permanently. Then, without warning, it suddenly shoots forward and disappears into space, and we can only hope for the best.

At the beginning of the Third Act we find the Commander has had beginner's luck, and has not crashed into anything of importance on the way. Being home again, however, he must keep up the playful fiction of lost memory and, following precedent, he is quite unable to recognise his lawful and loving wife. There are only two people who are not deceived by the ruse. One is Mrs. Charrington, who is a widow familiar with the wiles of erring man, and the other is the wily psychologist who has met that sort of thing before—at Brighton. But Mrs. Liston's mother, Mrs. Drury (a delightfully comic performance by Miss Sydney Fairbrother), takes the trouble quite seriously, as she happens to be one of the psychologist's disciples. Her idea is that the Commander's memory must be built up again from its earliest beginnings; and to this end she takes him back to childhood's days, and makes him ride a hobby-horse about the room so as to give his memory the necessary start. This is not perhaps brilliant humour, but it makes people laugh a good deal, and that is all that is really necessary in a farce.

The process of healing is expedited by the arrival at the house of the impressionable Trixie of the garage, together with her father and the burly mechanic. Trixie explains to the astonished company that Liston had confided in her that somebody wanted to take him away against his will, and she has therefore come to rescue him, and will employ force if necessary. When she hears, however, that Liston is already married her very personal interest in him fades away abruptly, and she lapses into the manners and vocabulary of her class. Mr. Mullins, always the little man of business before anything, begins to drop hints of the heavy damages that will be required to heal his daughter's blighted affection, but Liston thinks perhaps not, and carries his point.

"TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING" *Stage Photo Co.*

Lydia Charrington (Marda Vanne) watches the effusive greetings bestowed on Cary (Owen Nares) by his wife (Molly Kerr), mother-in-law (Sydney Fairbrother), and Doctor (Charles Carson). The naval officer seems in danger of being killed with kindness!

Then Mac the mechanic (Mr. Nigel Bruce) takes a hand, or rather a fist, in the game. Before Liston came to the garage Mac and Trixie were comfortably engaged, and Mac proposes therefore to do a little damaging himself. He begins by punching Liston's head, and in the ensuing scuffle Liston is duly laid out by the orthodox tap on the solar plexus. The psychologist at once prompts Liston to declare that his memory has by reason of this blow been restored to him, and the spoof works admirably. Mr. Charles Carson is very successful as the psychologist, Miss Marda Vanne is quite admirable as the sceptical widow, and Miss Molly Kerr is charmingly energetic as the over-affectionate wife.

JINGLE.

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

No longer are opals considered to be unlucky to those who wear them. Some superstitious lovers, however, would never tempt Fortune by presenting to their *fiancées* the fickle jade.

. . . . .

A THING we shall never know: What retort Ethyl made to Lizzie.

. . . . .

"JONES," remarked his form-master, "construct a sentence containing the word 'acetylene.'"

"Certainly, sir. Last week our cat had acetylene kittens."

. . . . .

WE print this letter exactly as we received it:—

"Dear sur, I am keen on insecks. What are the buks about them? Is mister gnat Gould any good?"

. . . .

"Your conduct," quoth his spouse,
"is past a joke.
Who is your new inamorata,
pray?
Last night I heard you in your
sleep invoke
A certain Violet Ray!"

. . . .

A WEST END hosier says he has a customer who buys twenty shirts at a time. With the advent of the National and the Lincoln he'll be unlucky if he doesn't put one of 'em on the winner.

. . . .

THE Suburbanite's Lenten resolution: Not to race on the turf, but mow it.

. . . .

MR. JUDGE DETH, of the U.S.A., has dissolved two hundred marriages at one sitting. The phrase, "Till Deth do us part," acquires an ironic significance.

"WHAT do you think of Joan's lovely golden hair?"

"I should imagine it is at least eighteen carrot!"

. . . . .

A PUBLICIST states that England has a finer spirit now than before the war. Yet some thirsty ones wish that they still had a little of that pre-war spirit.

. . . . .

THIS week's rapid reflection: There are two things we can keep too long: old servants and old love-letters.

. . . . .

"WHAT are you going to do about your deal in foreign currency?"

"Oh, I shall just 'mark' time."

"Anyhow, you seem franc about it."

. . . . .

"HOW are you getting on at golf?"

"Oh, there's nothing sweeter than the click of the cleek when you hit a good 'un; but I can't stand the clack of the clique in the club-house."

. . . . .

IN a recent divorce case the defendant complained that his wife had deceived him as to her age. In other words, she had done the thirty on him.

A WASH-OUT

(A millionaire complains that his hotel charges him half a crown for a bath.)

Alack, tut-tut, and well-a-day!
My friend, you tread no primrose path;
To think that you have got to pay
A half a dollar for your bath!
In other words, when in your tub
It costs you thirty pence to scrub.

The thought of such a monstrous sum
Must cause you grief too deep for tears,
Enough to make your heart succumb
As you bedew with suds your ears.
How it must hurt as you've perforce lain
Inside that scented pool of porcelain!

I trust they do not charge for soap,
Nor keep you for an hour or more
Among that eager Band of Hope
Which rallies round the bathroom door.
Also, to chafe your scarlet skin,
I trow they throw a towel in!

I know it irks some moneyed men
That sums for washing must be found,
And that they simply shudder when
Saturday night comes duly round;
And yet, why are you feeling blue?
What's half a crown A WEEK to you?

. . . . .

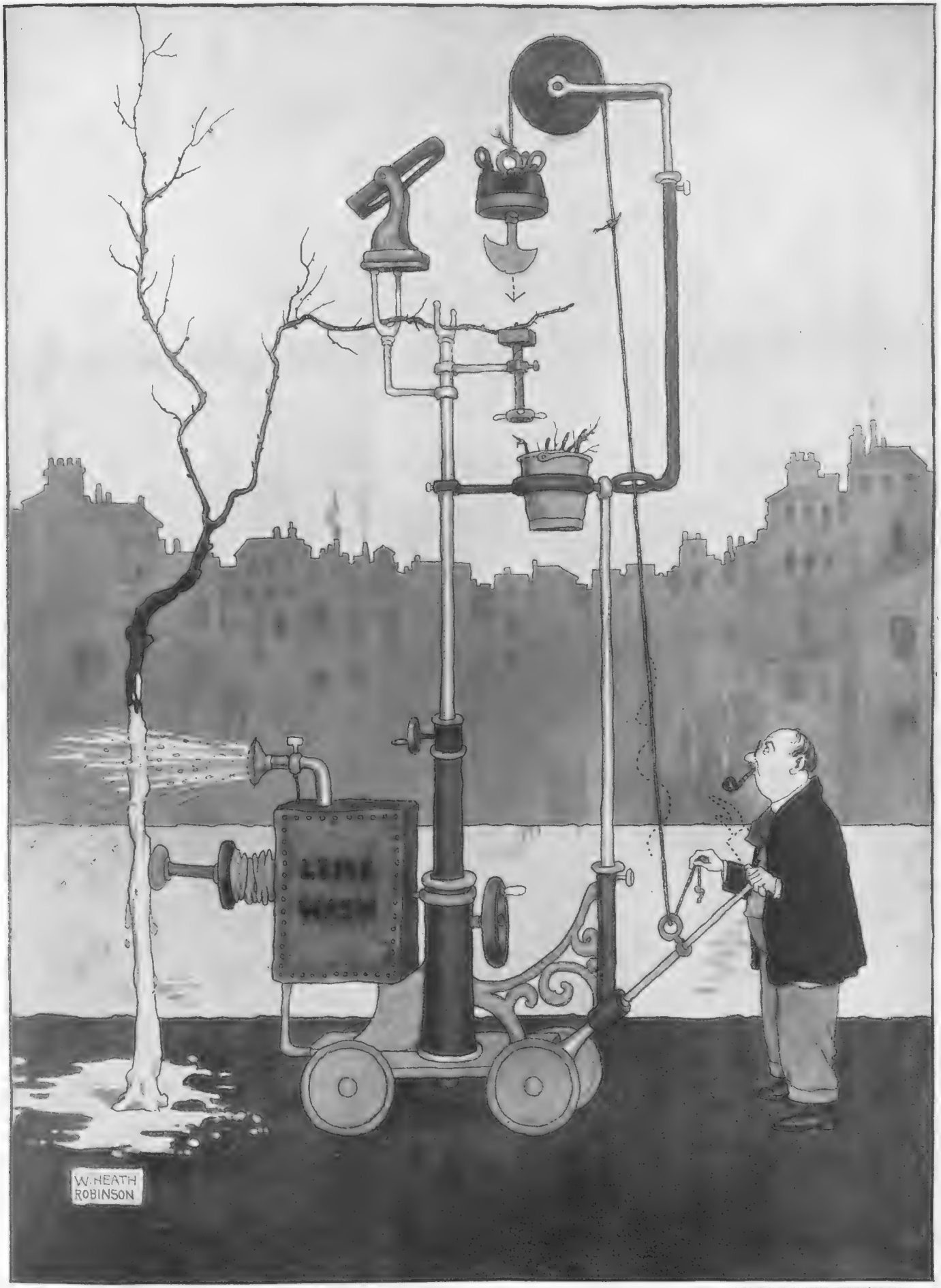
MR. BALDWIN says he intends to stand for economy. That is the policy most of us will fall for.

By MOORSOM

"A REAL OLD-FASHIONED GIRL"

"I hear she's only been divorced once. What dull lives some women lead!"

A Fruity Idea



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

The new fruit tree pruner with an ingenious attachment for automatically lime-washing the bark while the branches are being pruned

A "Flickers" Favourite

E. O. Hoppé

MLLE. LUCY DORAINE

The Hungarian film star, who will be seen in "Cherchez la Femme." All her *toilettes* are designed by Prince Yousopoff, the well-known Russian dress designer

PARISIANA By "Rene'"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS,

IT is a common assumption in England that Frenchmen treat the local tax-gatherer with contempt, completely ignore his preliminary *avertissements*, and then, when his final demand notes are couched in something approaching firm language, write him a personal letter saying they will speak to his superiors about him if he does not put a stop to his impolite and impolitic communications. This, it is generally imagined by Englishmen who have been assured over a long period that the French do not pay their taxes, is sufficient to persuade the tax-gatherer to write off the claim as a bad debt.

WELL, there was a time when there was a slight basis of truth in the allegation that the French citizen turned a deaf ear to demands for income-tax. It was a tax that he never liked the look of, and while it was novel he met it with a profitable inertia, though he paid his direct taxes readily enough. But within the last eighteen months he has come as completely under the thumbscrew of the *precepteur* as his British *vis-à-vis* is on the rack of his surveyor. Perhaps even more so because, if the *precepteur* mistakenly demands more than is really due, the victim is not permitted to argue about it, but must pay up at once and then wage a long fight to get back the excess.

IN the present conditions, which really are very severe, the adventure which befell a French friend is, therefore, all the more entertaining. We will call him M. Durand—this being the French for Smith, Brown and Robinson. Well, M. Durand was requested to make an early visit to his *percepteur*. And he did so in fear and trembling, an uneasy conscience reminding him that there were one or two things which he had omitted from his *déclaration de revenu* that the *percepteur* might consider ought to have been included.

"Kissing on the cheek"

INSTEAD of that, the *percepteur* announced, "I find we have made an error in our calculations, and that we owe you 3,000 francs which you have overpaid." M. Durand did not at all like the look of this, suspecting an eventual catch somewhere, and swiftly came to the conclusion that it was better to remain on firm ground, so he remarked, "*Pas possible*, Monsieur, I have paid only about 1,000 francs altogether."

M. LE PERCEPTEUR was offended, apart from being inexpressibly surprised at the discovery that there existed a taxpayer who would not snap at the opportunity of picking up 3,000 francs, even if they did not rightly belong to him. He sent for all the records and struck balances of claims and payments all over every column. At the end of these complicated calculations he said, "M. Durand, it is not possible for us to have wrong. You must take the money. *Voici, trois billets de mille.*"

THEN M. Durand came to the conclusion that it would be futile to continue an argument at that moment, so he signed a receipt for the money and brought it away. But he immediately took it to the bank, where he opened a special account in order to avert the risk of spending any of it. He would like to find some means of getting that money back into the inland revenue department to which it belongs, without raising any further queries in regard to himself, as he is sure that if the officials gather the impression that he is insistent on repayment they will come to the conclusion that he is not

"Exchanging kisses on the lips which beat all records for duration"

only much wealthier than he pretends to be, but is also an object for suspicion by reason of something mysterious and "shady." He cannot risk that, but he feels confident that the *percepteur* will recover the 3,000 francs in the end, probably with an addition, and he is very worried about the outcome of a "gift" which he does not appreciate in the least.

"Voici, trois billets de mille"

S

We generally learn something new, and, of course, far from complimentary, about British morals whenever the British censor exercises his authority to forbid the production of a French play in London. It was to be expected, therefore, that we should hear something from Paris authorities on the subject when the Lord Chamberlain banned Sacha Guitry's *L'Amour masque*. Paris writers say they cannot see what the Censor found to ban in *L'Amour masque*. Neither can we, as a matter of fact, considering some of the pieces recently staged in London; but M. Clement Vautel explains to a million readers that the English are very strict about the stage, and reserve their laxity about morals for the seaside.

S

According to M. Vautel, you have only to wander on to any English bathing beach to see *baigneurs* and *baigneuses* reclining on the sands in bathing costumes and "in full daylight, exchanging kisses on the lips which beat all records for duration." That, it is implied, is where the English get their own back on the Censor. And M. Vautel's million readers echo, "How very shocking! Those English hypocrites again." For the French are brought up to look upon kissing on the lips as much more immoral than kissing on the cheek, both cheeks, which is their usual form of "embracing." M. Vautel, who is well acquainted with English customs, is fully aware, of course, that kissing on the lips in England is precisely the same as kissing on the cheeks in France, and nothing like so "wicked" as kissing behind the ear—excessively employed in the "Eternal Triangle" plays on the Paris stage—but most of his readers do not, and that is *revanche* for Sacha Guitry's mishap.

"M. Durand was requested to make an early visit to his *percepteur*"

S

Parisians bade a rather regretful farewell to Josephine Baker, and Josephine bade an even more regretful fare well to Paris. So tearful was it, in fact, that I should not be the weeniest bit surprised if she did not execute a vanishing movement while in one of the Continental countries she is due to visit, and run back to the city that she took by storm—and by accident. For the most hip-mobile lady of colour of her generation became an *étoile* in a single night, after coming to Paris from America unknown—even to Americans

S

The story goes that she was not even the "principal girl" of the Negro Revue, as at first organised at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées, but only one of the chorus, and that it was only because the original "principal girl" could not harmonise with the "principal man" that it was decided to give a trial to Josephine, whose off-stage capers, meant to amuse her comrades, had been considered very droll. Anyhow, after the first-night there was no doubt about her triumph; it was the most complete personal success there had been in Paris for years, and in the intervening three years Josephine has been accepted as a one-hundred per cent. Parisienne. I understand she is including London in her tour.

René.

P.S.—*Mille remerciements* to the anonymous readers in India who grouped together to send such charmingly phrased New Year's good wishes. If, as they say, The Bystander brings the gay spirit of Paris to them, that adds very much to the pleasure of the writer, and if they will say which element of Parisian life entertains them most, I will keep it particularly in view. —R.

INTERLUDE

BY H. H. HARRIS

ON THE NEW LEAP

Our artist's impression of a competitor on the wonderful new leap at St. Moritz, where the jumping contests for the Second Olympic sensation of peering over a precipice, for the difference in height from the top of the jumping slope to the foot is no less than 97'5 is probably the finest in the world and cost £10,000 to construct, affords

SPECIALLY PAINTED AT ST. MORITZ BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

AP AT ST. MORITZ

pic Winter Games will take place next Saturday, February 18. Looking down the leap from the take-off the spectator has the 75 metres, or a little over three hundred feet. To see the jumpers, veritable bird-men, sailing down this wonderful leap, which s even the most hardened spectator a thrill which can never be forgotten

Henson is as Henson Does

BY GARRETTO

LESLIE HENSON

The chorus of the musical show of the moment has fulfilled its function of declaring the proceedings open. There is an expectant pause, and a short, extravagantly attired figure occupies—and seems to fill—the stage. The lock of hair over the brow, the rolling eye and mobile mouth proclaim that Leslie Henson is with us. We lean back in our seats with a chuckle of satisfaction in the certain knowledge that the next two and a half hours will be passed in helpless laughter

Winter Sport Personalities

By D'Egville

SOME years ago a rude friend of mine, looking through some of my sketches, remarked, "Hm! What *made* you take up drawing?"

The answer was that an independent cartoonist never knew what might happen next or whom he might meet, and I thought that was rather fun, and that if you linger any time at Cairo, the Riviera

"With a heavy veil in front of her face"

and the Alps (during the winter season) you will in the course of years meet almost everybody who *is* anybody.

The Alps in winter are like a concentration camp of celebrity, from kings snatching a short respite from the ardours of State to actresses trying to keep that schoolgirl complexion, ex-emperors trying to skate, and profiteers trying to look like ex-emperors.

I remember once going to St. Moritz one very good snow winter. In the train from Coire I fell in with an American editor. He was a charming fellow, and we got along splendidly, and it was arranged that I should have tea with him three days hence at the Kulm, when he would introduce me to one of the most delightful and beautiful women in the world.

I did not fail to turn up.

I remember I created somewhat of a sensation in the lounge of the Kulm by appearing as the compleat ski-runner, full of sticks and rücksacks, but my American friend came forward and interceded on my behalf.

I was led across to a table at which sat one rather plain woman in black, and another, also in black, with a heavy veil in front of her face.

Addressing the veiled lady in fluent German my friend said, "Meet Mr. D'Egville," and, turning to me, he said, "This is Pola Negri."

Pola, like some Eastern beauty, lifted her veil as if to prove her identity, and shook hands

She spoke nothing but German, French and Polish and Russian. That is to say, no English, and so we gabbled incessantly in German.

She was indeed very attractive, both facially and intellectually, and I found her a first-class conversationalist.

I asked her if she had tried ski-ing.

The plain lady threw up her hands and said, "Heavens, no!"

"And heavens, why not?" I asked, rather shaken.

"Suppose my beloved Pola sprained her ankle or damaged her face—what would happen to the films then?"

That was a poser. I hadn't thought of that.

During a quiet dance Pola told me she was just a part of the vast St. Moritz audience.

"I'm having a real rest," she explained.

"Hence the veil?"

"Hence the veil. I drive and I stroll and eat and sleep."

Soon after a sleigh was announced to take her back to her hotel. She was tucked in in a mass of rugs and gloves to preserve her from the elements.

At all costs her face must be preserved. You can't ski *and* have a face.

It was after leaving her that I was arrested for the first time in my life (you notice I don't say last).

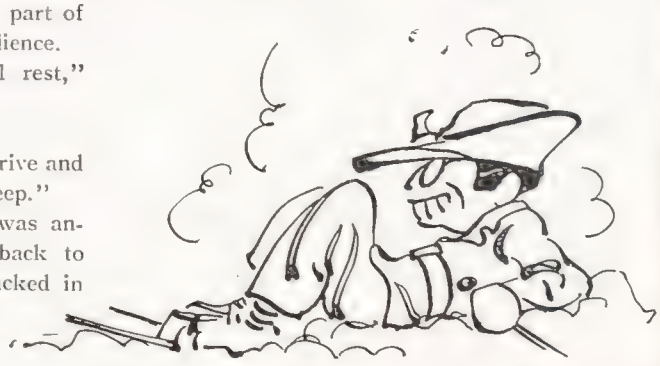
The main street of St. Moritz is very steep and has a sharp hairpin bend in the middle. It is the delight of all ski-runners to dash down this street in and out between the pedestrians and sleighs and toboggans, whizz round the corner, and dash off down the next hill towards the Palace, the Grand, or the station. Apparently this had become rather a menace because it frightened the horses and the old ladies from Wimbledon, so that the Kurverein had stationed a policeman at the corner to stop speeding.

As I approached the bend at about 30 I espied the policeman, who spread out his arms to stop me. I swerved off to the left, and then quickly to the right, but he caught my arm, and down we came, rolling over and over.

To speed was bad enough. To attempt to "get away with it" was penal, and he told me I must accompany him to the police station. This meant losing my train to Pontresina.

As we walked to the police station we passed a steep slope which descended from the side of the road to the railway.

I waited until several sleighs were passing, got out of their way on to the



"Seemed to like falling"

path, and then, like a flash, jumped round and was down that slope and into the railway station before the wretched man had realised what had happened.

. . . . .

One of the most interesting and delightful people I ever met in Switzerland was His Imperial Highness Prince Chichibu of Japan, whose signed caricature hangs in my studio.

It was my job to look after him when he arrived at Mürren. I had imagined his ski-ing would be rather poor, instead of which it turned out to be very good indeed. The first day we skied together, feeling the weight of responsibility heavy on my shoulders, I pointed to a safe way down the slopes and invited the Prince to follow me.

Would he come?

Not a bit of it. He pointed to a peak two thousand feet up and said, "I like better this way," and up he went!

I never met anyone who seemed to like falling as much as he did. He seemed to think it was the most amusing thing in the world to stand on one's head.

On one occasion we went ski-ing alone on the Scheidegg and took our lunch with us.

Evidently the head waiter felt that an Imperial Prince must have an Imperial appetite, for when he opened his bag he found six of the most enormous beef sandwiches I have ever set eyes on.

The Prince roared with laughter, and holding them up for me to see, said, "Awfully much sandwich!"

On one occasion a distinguished Japanese lady and her husband joined his party at Mürren and he decided to play a prank. He took me into his room and taught me with infinite pains to say in Japanese "May I have the pleasure of this dance with you, madame?"

All went splendidly. The Prince, sitting in a corner of the lounge, could hardly prevent himself from exploding, and Baron Hayashi, former Japanese Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, was a party to the plot

The lady consented and we descended into the ballroom. The Prince at once came and leant over the balcony to watch the fun.

I felt very ashamed and dreading a question.

Half-way round the room she spoke. I raised my eyebrows. She repeated her question. The Prince collapsed on the balcony, and to exonerate myself I led my distinguished partner over to him and implored him to explain, which he did, saying, "Awfully good, awfully nice."

I next discovered that my partner spoke fluent English!

The Prince very kindly invited me to accompany him on a glacier tour the following spring. A film was taken of the trip, and under the heading of "An Imperial Purler," His Imperial Highness may be seen once more turning head over heels and loving it.

"On the top of some ghastly looking mountain"

It was at Mürren that I met Andrew Irvine, that gallant young man who perished in the last assault on Mount Everest. He was a great big happy-go-lucky boy, in many ways a child, but full of undeniable charm of the most disarming kind. You couldn't get angry with Irvine.

I had the honour of helping him to learn to ski, and he took to it like the proverbial duck to water. He was full of enthusiasm about Everest, never, of course, dreaming that he would be one of the two chosen for the final climb. He was always too modest.

Bentley Beetham, another of the Everest Expedition, usually favours Maloja. He is invariably on the top of some ghastly looking mountain, which gives him the utmost pleasure in the world. At fancy dress balls he always shines, and last year came in to dinner disguised as a complete bathroom, full of towels and sponges and loofahs. He is the cheeriest soul who ever wore skis, and he lives only for another expedition of the Everest kind.

Maloja is a great place. Being somewhat "on its own" at the far end of the long valley of lakes, at the other end of which lies St. Moritz, it has to be self-supporting. Lovely parties therefore are held from time to time at an old inn called the "Osteria Vecchia."

One night some friends of mine sleighed over from St. Moritz for one of these parties and were told to bring along "a good bunch."

About eleven p.m. the sound of sleigh bells was heard in the distance along the lake road, and the twinkling lights and echoing shouts told us the party was arriving, and in a minute there appeared round the bend three two-horse sleighs dragging an indeterminate number of toboggans loaded with bodies.

The "Boxing Marquess" was among them (Marquess of Clydesdale), and very soon, to the accompaniment of the local accordion and a smell of eggs and bacon, there was merriment at the "Osteria Vecchia."

. . . . .

Lady Jean Douglas-Hamilton, Clydesdale's sister, was at Mürren last year in a large party with her *fiancé*, C. E. W. Macintosh, the famous Oxford Blue and Britain's crack ski-runner.

Lady Jean was not frightfully strong on skis, and it was rather interesting to see the British Champion trying patiently to teach her to be as worthy a ski-woman as he was a he-man.

She certainly was a charming person, and as an apache at the fancy dress ball she looked really delightful.

Dear old Mac! He's married now and gone to Australia.

How we shall miss him.

I remember once at Wengen Mac tried to catch the train just after it had started to move from the station. Now it is absolutely "verboten" to board "or descend oneself" from the train when "she is in motion."

Mac made a dash for it.

At once the whole official caste of Wengen gave chase.

As he reached the footboard a gentleman in a peaked cap seized him by the seat of his trousers. Mac gently picked him up and just threw him away like a cigarette end and climbed in through the window!

A. H. D'E.

"Down we came"

Winter's Share in the Joy of Life

E. Groh

THE ROARIN' GAME IN PROGRESS

Some of the competitors for the Thomas Cook and Son Curling Cup in play at Kandersteg. They include Mr. Adam McLeod, in the centre with his coat off, and, on the right, Mr. C. McIntosh, and Mr. J. J. Barr

Sport and General

AN ENGLISH VICTORY

Mr. J. F. Page, who won the Men's International Skating Championship. The event took place at Davos

Gabi

SWITZERLAND'S REPRESENTATIVES

The Swiss National Ski Team which will represent Switzerland in the Olympic Winter Games. The photograph shows, standing, Captain Erb, the trainer (left), Lehner, Furrer, Julen, and Strebi, the team adviser. In front are Schmidt (left) and Bussmann

CURLING CHAMPIONS *Sport and General*

The Davos Team, which has created something of a sensation in curling circles by winning the Jackson Cup, the blue riband of curling, for the second year in succession. The photograph shows F. R. Edlin (left), W. Bentley, S. A. P. Kitcat, and Ralph Levy

A SOUTHERN WINTER PLAYGROUND *Sport and General*

A view of the nursery slopes at Font Romeu. Of late years the mountain resorts in the Pyrenees have been steadily gaining in popularity as Winter Sports centres. They are particularly in favour with *fervents* living in the South of France and Spain who find that the journey to Switzerland is a long one

People in the Sports News

BREAKING UP FROM THE SCRUM *Central Press*

A photograph of some sturdy footwork in the recent game between Eton College and the Imperial Services College, Windsor. Eton were beaten in this their first match of the season by 14 points to nil

WITH THE ETON BEAGLES *Photo Illus.*

officials of the Eton Beagles photographed at the recent meet at the Shooting Butts, Eton. G. T. J. Houghton, the Master, is seen in the centre with the whippers-in

Sport and General

A FENCING FINAL

Mr. A. Miller-Hallett photographed presenting the Miller-Hallett Epée Challenge Trophy to Mr. Clayton Morris (Birmingham), the winner of this International Competition. The final took place at Bertrand's Fencing Academy

Photographs

THE IRISH TEAM

Which lost to England in the International Badminton Tournament at Belfast. The photograph shows, sitting, G. S. B. Mack, Captain (left), Mrs. Good, Miss Pilkington, and R. A. Goff, and, standing, A. Hamilton (left), G. Stewart, and W. Hamilton

THE ENGLISH TEAM *Sport and General*

Which beat Ireland in the International Badminton Tournament. It consisted of Miss Elton (sitting, left), Sir G. A. Thomas (Captain), Mrs. Horsley, and Mrs. Barrett, and, standing, A. E. Harbot, F. Hodge, H. S. Uber, T. P. Dick, and P. D. McFarlane

"Je suis un orphelin"

GLOBE AND OTHER TROTTINGS

By YOGO HAMA *Illustrations by OKUN INGAMAI*

MOST DEAR HON. BYSTANDERS,

OWING to the so enormous and epochal success of my advisings on how to see Paris for almost next to not anything, I shall now depict a few more hintings and valuable informations for tyroes and other bucolics making to cheaply visit gay Parce for the 1-st time. If saidly tyroes are educationless persons with not more as 1 mother's tongue, the as follows patent and specially prepared vocabulars should prove of enormous convenients and be repeated by heart. (Extractions by the so kind permission of the author of Prof. Y. Hama's "Tongues for Travelling Tyroes.")

FOR USE IN TRANSITING.

Donnez-moi la cuvette, je vais vomir. Kindly to produce me a suitable vessel for being non-well in the estomac.

Appelez le commis aux vivres! O, O, for a steward!

C'est un peu fort, j'irai à la maison! This are more as a bit too thick, I shall return to my domicile!

IN PARIS.

Arrêtez cet homme, il m'a volé ma bourse! Lag me this person, he has impinched my pocket cashes!

Il me faut de la monnaie pour un billet de 1,000 livres. Kindly to exchange me a 1,000£s note.

J'ai une grosse bosse à ma tête et je suis un orphelin. I have a deucish bump on my head and am an orphan.

Au secours! Appelez un agent de police, je suis mort! Help! Produce me a police-bob *p.d.q.*, I are assassinated!

Je veux qu'on me libère sous caution parce que le rédacteur d'Hon. Bystander, c'est un des mes amis et possède le Pactole. Kindly to allow me bail because Editor of Hon. BYSTANDER are my friend and so rich as a Crœsus.

Pouvez-vous me prêter une omlette. Kindly to lend me an omlet.

Où est le chef de police? J'ai perdu un franc! Where are the chief of police? I have lost a franc!

Je ne parle pas français, j'ai le hoquet. I are non-able to speak French, I have hiccoughs.

Comment puis-je aller à un cimetière, une geôl, un hôpital, les catacombes? How shall I arrive to a cemetary, a gaol, a hospital, the catacombes?

Je désire voir Hon. le Président. I insist to see Hon. President.

Pouvez-vous me recommender un entrepreneur des pompes funebres ou embaumer? Can you kindly to recommend me an undertaker or an embalmings person?

Je veux louer un cataplasme. Quels sont vos prix? I wish to make hire a poultice. Kindly inform re terms.

Je vais très bien, mais j'ai cors, merci I are very well but suffer to enjoy corns, thank you.

Montrez-m'en poison. Merci, je prends 5 litres. Kindly to show me some poison. Thanks, I will take 1 gallon.

Cette saucisse est crevé. This sausage are punctured.

Non, Monsieur, c'est trop cher pour un éléphant. No, sir, that are too much for an elephant.

Je désire voir des tombes. Sont-ils comfortables? I wish to see some tombs. Are they comfortable?

Est-ce que vous tenez des pantalons? Combien les vendez-vous la paire? Do you keep non-mentionables? Per how much are they a brace?

THE RETURN.

Où est le prêteur sur gage? Where are the uncle? (or pawnsbroker?)

Il me faut un billet simple de troisième pour Tooting. I desire a 1-ngle 3-rd to Tooting. (Pronounce "Toot-ahn.")

Diable! Ma bourse est perdu! O the devil! My pocket cashes are disappeared.

Où est le bureau de poste? Je veux envoyer une dépêche à Hon. rédacteur de Bystander. Where are the postal office? I wish to urgently send a telegraph to Hon. Editor of BYSTANDER.

Envoyez-moi s'il vous plaît un billet de 50 livres, p.d.q. A vous de cœur—— Kindly to send me a 50£s note toot sweet. Yours for affection—

Combien voulez-vous me donner pour mes bottines? How much will you purvey me for my boots?

"Au secours!"

NECK!

BY STARR WOOD

"Gents' collars, size sixteen—yus, 'ere you are, lidy. A tanner each or two for tenpence-'alfpenny"
"Two! What do yer tike me for? A bigamist?"

Au secours! Help!
En quel état sont les routes? How are the roads like for hoofings?
Voulez-vous me changer ce I.O.U.? Will you to kindly cash thisly I.O.U.?
Vous êtes un chien sale! You are a clenthless canine!
Combien y a-t-il d'ici à Calais? How the deuce far are it to Calais?
Mon chapeau! My hat!
O mille remerciements! O 10,000 thank you's!

At the Station.

Quel est le prix de cet train? What are the price of this train?
C'est trop cher! Montrez-m'en d'autres. It are damish expensive. Produce me some others.
Je prends ceci, mais je n'aime pas les couleurs. I will take this, but I non-like the colours.

Polite Conversations on the Way.

Il sent bien mauvais ici! There are a deucish non-pleasant smell here.
Quel est le prix de votre cigare? How much are the price of your cigar?
Puis-je l'enlever? Would you permit I should remove it?
Je me sens malade. I feel non-well in my sump.
Faites attention! . . . Ah, je me porte mieux. Look out! . . . O I are better now.
Cela vous va comme un tablier à une vache. You look like a Guy Fox.
Est-ce votre nez? Tiens, ça doit côuter chaud! Are that your nose? Ma certes, I warrant to bet it cost a pretty 1d.!

"O Ciel! C'est affreux! J'ai perdu mon galette"

At the Hotel.

Garçon, le potage est-il bien propre? Waiter, are this soup clean?
Voyons s'il n'y a pas de cheveux. Let us discover to see if there are any hairs in it.
Il prendrai une pilule. I will engulp a pill.
Il faut que l'on charge ma bassinoire. Kindly to charge my warmings-pan.
O Ciel! C'est affreux! J'ai perdu mon galette. O Heavens! This are awful! I have lost my dibs.
Comment allez-vous à Tour Eiffel? Which are the way to the Eiffel Tower?

(Learn French by the so famous Y. Hama method. Correspondence courses at per 6d. each. Hon. Sir Baldwin writes: "They are like not anything I have seen before." Hon. Miss Cicely Courtneidge says: "Since trying the Y. Hama courses I have not been the same woman." No connection with Okun Ingamai.—Advt.)

Yogo Hama

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

OUR FRIEND THE ENEMY

BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

When you bring off a game which you know you should not have won, how often do you attribute it to your own skill when probably by rights you should offer up your grateful thanks to your opponents?

How much do we owe to our friend the enemy? Of course, he does not mean to be friendly. He hates us like poison for the time, and would willingly take the shirts off our backs.

But the mistakes of the enemy enable us to attain wonderful results which our own brilliance could not have achieved.

Here is an interesting example of a game and rubber won simply by the kindness of the opposition.

	S.—K, 7, 2. H.—A, Q, 10, 3. D.—6. C.—J, 8, 7, 6, 2.	
S.—9, 8. H.—K, 9, 7, 5, 2. D.—A, Q, J, 7. C.—9, 5.	Y A B Z	S.—Q, J, 6, 4. H.—8, 6, 4. D.—9, 8, 4, 2. C.—A, K.
	S.—A, 10, 5, 3. H.—J. D.—K, 10, 5, 3. C.—Q, 10, 4, 3.	

Score game all. Z deals and bids "One No Trump." All pass. A leads the five of Hearts and the trick is taken by Z with his Jack. Z now leads Queen of Clubs and B takes the trick with the King. What should B now lead?

There is a good and salutary rule in playing against a No Trumper not to keep on changing suits.

Return your partner's lead even though it may look disadvantageous.

B, no doubt, was thoroughly impregnated with this sound idea and led a Heart, failing to realise that every rule has its exception, and that when a suit is three times protected in Dummy it cannot be good policy to lead up to it.

Of course, it is obvious (not because you see all four hands, but from an intelligent view of the game) that B should have led up to Dummy's weakness—his 9 of Diamonds. Had he done so Z must cover with the 10, A winning with the Jack and leading Spades, the only feasible lead for him. On getting in again with his Ace of Clubs B should lead another Diamond and A B must make three Diamonds, possibly four, which, with the two Clubs, must save the game.

But B led a Heart and then repeated it after the second Club trick, thus allowing Z to make four tricks in Hearts instead of two only. These four Hearts with two Spades and three Clubs gave Z game and rubber.

. . . . . .

Now these mistakes arose entirely from a misapprehension of a perfectly sound rule.

There are numerous occasions when you can see that Declarer must make certain tricks in any case, and often it is better to put him in and allow him to make those tricks rather than open a fresh suit. Generally, in playing a No Trumper every fresh suit opened is to the advantage of the Declarer and the disadvantage of the defenders.

Keep on pegging away at a suit in which you know your partner has length is the right idea. The exception is when by so doing you enable Declarer to make tricks which he could not do without your assistance. B's return of the Heart at trick 3 was bad, but his persistence in the suit after Z had failed on the second round was criminal.

When putting down the score Z thanked B for his timely assistance—a courtesy which was resented hotly!

"Ovaltine" ensures restful health-giving sleep

Flora Le Breton

"I take the greatest pleasure in recommending 'Ovaltine' to all my friends, especially the workers. On returning from the film studios, sometimes too tired to eat, I substitute a large cup of your excellent preparation and feel I have had a good meal. For tired nerves it is invaluable and, taken the last thing at night, it ensures restful, health-giving sleep."

This testimony from Miss Flora le Breton is yet another tribute to the supreme merits of "Ovaltine" as a restorative in fatigue, for rebuilding worn nerves and ensuring sound sleep. It endows the system with a wealth of endurance to withstand the strain attendant upon strenuous work or the weariness imposed by long and busy hours.

"Ovaltine" rebuilds and invigorates the system in an unequalled way. It contains neither drugs nor chemicals, but is an extraction of Nature's best restorative foods—malt, milk and eggs—highly concentrated, delicious in flavour and rendered easily digestible by an original and exclusive process. One cup of "Ovaltine" supplies more nourishment than 3 eggs or 12 cupfuls of beef tea.

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Obtainable throughout the British Empire.
Prices in Gt. Britain and Northern Ireland,
1/3, 2/- *and* **3/9** *per tin.*

P. 444

VARSITY NOTES

CAMBRIDGE

By the time you read these Notes the principal interest in Cambridge will be the Lent Races. We have already had the Getting-On Races, and the Lents proper will begin on the Wednesday that this paper is published. For once again Cambridge has vindicated her complete independence of calendars and proposes to row Lent Races several days before Ash Wednesday.

By Doncaster

"THE LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT OF THE UNIVERSITY IS HYPNOSIS"

One of the University M.P.s is proposing to bring in a Bill to fix Easter. If they allow him to nail Ash Wednesday and stabilise the Paschal Full Moon, I hope he will look into this little matter of Lent. Cambridge has too long been at variance with the rest of Christendom. *We want a Lent we can really row Lent races in.* What, I ask, are the Bishops going to do about it?

During the past week all the rowing oracles have been in full vigour on the towpath. At the moment most of them have their shirts on the Jesus-style boats, which, it is alleged, will have "a great measure of success."

If the prophets prove correct we shall no doubt have a renewal of the Everlasting Controversy. It is now several months since we had any sort of a Jesus-style controversy in the Press, and no doubt both the Orthodox and the Heretics are anxious to be at it again. There were some catty remarks upon Jesus-style crews in a recent number of the *Cambridge Review,* and I have no doubt that Steve Fairbairn is ready to break out at any minute with all the enthusiasm of a persecuted heretic.

But meanwhile, for the next four days we run up and down the tow-path, with coaches driving bicycles into our backs, and umpires trampling us with their chargers, and miscellaneous individuals discharging revolvers in our ears. I have often felt that it would be safer to row.

The latest accomplishment of the University appears to be the art of Hypnotism. One of the medical lecturers has been found to be an expert hypnotist, and he has been made to give hair-raising demonstrations before undergraduate societies. He has also been experimenting on private individuals, and I know of an undergraduate in Emma whom he has cured of excessive smoking simply by telling him under hypnosis that he hated tobacco. Now he'll never touch another smoke, thanks to Hypnosis.

By Mac

E. M. PRAIN

The Cambridge golfer, who won his singles against Sunningdale, and with B. C. Crouch as partner won his foursome match as well. He is at Clare College

But this is not the first time we have had the thing in Cambridge. Last term there was an American working in the Psychological Laboratory who used to hypnotise quite ordinary people, and they would thereupon produce the most remarkable poetry. I have seen the sweetest, gentlest little fantasy written by a Boxing Blue. All done by Hypnosis. There are possibilities in the thing.

Next Saturday, the 18th, there is to be the Inter-Varsity Hockey match on

Photo Illus.

CAMBRIDGE AT SUNNINGDALE

G. Illingworth, the Cambridge Golf skipper, photographed driving from the first tee at Sunningdale. The home club won by 11 matches to 7

AN ARMY VICTORY *Central News*

The start along the Iffley Road, at Oxford, of the cross-country race between Oxford and the Army. The visitors gained a decisive victory by 48 points to 88

the usual Beckenham ground. The Hockey match is one of the very few major events played during term time, and large numbers of undergraduates troop up to London to see it. We have been a long time settling our team, but now it seems to be up to a fair average, and has been greatly strengthened by the unexpected return of Carpenter. The Captain, Dodson, was for some time out of the side through injuries, but he is now back again in goal. It should be an even game, but, anyway, nobody can stop us hoping for the best. RAB.

OXFORD

As you read these words, dear Bystanders, we shall be in the middle of our fourth week. And the least stage-struck of us would admit that fourth week is O.U.D.S. week. The club is still in a whirl of rehearsal for *The Fourteenth of July,* and it is in such times of stress that the true character of members is revealed. However, such as rally round the blue shirt and bow-tie of the President, John Fernold, should come to no harm. And since he represents Camille Desmoulins the rest are apt to rally round him for one reason or another. The ladies of the company—Misses Natalie Moya, Gwynned Vernon, and Dorice Fordred—will obtrude themselves graciously amid the heroics of the gentlemen. And Komisarjevsky will light another cigarette and look on. Meanwhile one could not do better than look on at the Playhouse, where Congreve's *Love for Love* is displaying itself in all the triumphant complications of an eighteenth century plot. Peter Creswell, the hero, is understood to be giving a prize to any man who claims to have followed the story. But, as in other intellectual treats, it is possible to come out bottom boy and yet to amuse oneself very heartily.

It is doubtful whether the Union amused itself very heartily in the debate on Disarmament. But it certainly made one smile to watch two such perfectly differentiated politicians as Quintin Hogg, the Conservative, and Roger Wilson, the Socialist with a soul.

Our Rugger men had soul enough to beat Richmond by two goals and two tries to two tries. It was obvious that the conditions were what *The Times* charitably calls "far from ideal," and it is almost as obvious that the tries of Mallalieu and Doggart were not far from it. It is early days yet to apply such words to the Eight. However, the river has fallen another couple of inches, and P. C. Mallam is still the coach. Llewellyn, moreover, has grown a moustache, so, under the circumstances, practice may be regarded as well under way.

Topical

MAKING TRACKS

The hares laying the trail for the Oxford v. Army cross-country race

A RISING MAN By MAC

W. G. Kalaugher, who is prominent in Oxford Hurdling circles, displays his prowess. He is a New Zealander

The same applies with greater force to the golfing team. Both in singles and foursomes we beat West Hill, and this after a long motor car journey. On foot we have been less successful, and the Army beat us cross-country by a big margin. Only one Oxford runner finished in the first seven, but I might have a different story to tell if only a few more of our principals had been available.

Our draw against Beckenham at hockey does not, perhaps, make much of a story, anyway, but the chess draw against Birmingham does. For Birmingham claims a draw in the one unfinished game, but there is a chance that Oxford may win. So romance may lurk even in draws. And in these days of modern dress "Macbeths" and world speed records a little quiet romance is most certainly not to be despised.

JINGO.

Sunsets and Seasons

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

"At Prince's"

London, *Feb.* 13.

Dear Cousin,

Before I say one single word more simply must just tell you about quite the most important thing that's happened to me since I last wrote you. No, not any of the terribly thrilling affairs that *sans doute* promptly leap to your mind—not a date with Mr. Ivor Novello or a blank cheque for frocks at Reville's, or even one of those nice £1,000 or so prizes you get for spotting Soccer winners, but just . . . Well, just a sunset. All gold and red and blue it was—oh, what weak words! Gold that glowed dazzlingly, divinely; red that spread along the sky with flaming pride; ice-cold innocent turquoise blue that made the quiet background thereof across what's commonly known to poets as the vault of heaven. Down along Hampstead way it was I saw it, if you must know, looking over Constable's famous firs—on my right, as the guides say, the equally celebrated residence of Sir Hall Caine; on my left the Spaniards Road, and usual avalanche of more or less noisy cars, and—oh well, that's that.

Only just mentioned it, you know, and of course there *have* been sunsets before, but somehow this special one was so rather wonderful, the still splendour of it all amid the roaring and scrunching and grating of cars, and pop-pop-pop of motor cycles and such-like symptoms of civilisation and progress, so to speak. And simply terrible if they hadn't been invented, don't you think it would have been? Such useful things for getting about in, cars, anyway—you can have all the motor cycles for a gift—though the prophets do say they'll be all scrapped in another twenty-five years or so, and we'll all be flying, though that's a long time yet. But—rather nice, methinks, to be reminded just now and then, isn't it, of how, whatever happens, this is the same old world still?

And we fight wars and make peace, and Governments change, and so do fashions, and life's generally hectic—but all the while there's good old Nature in the background—that's always changing and yet's always the same (like they say the Ideal Woman ought to be), and certainly knocks spots off any of *our* efforts at art and *décor* and anything like that, what? Even in Feb., mark you, when the trees are still quite bare; but you see all the better the exquisite tracery of the boughs, and on the trunks there are colours from pale grey to rich green to make the mere painter tear his hair in hopeless envy—at least I suppose they do? Most of the ones I know wear theirs *much* too short and neat for that, and wouldn't care to ruffle it either, clothes ditto; and even Mr. Augustus John's given up wearing that patch on his trousers which aforetime was one of his *beaux gestes* when he supped at the Radnor in Chelsea—but that's by the way.

"Elegant males to dance with bottles in their pockets"

Not that I want to Get-Back-to-Nature or anything soppyish like that, you bet your life no! Ever so much too many nice things going on in this so-called artificial world of ours, not to mention fact that I'm quite sure sleeping out of doors and catching and cooking your own meals (and you also have to dress on the skins of 'em) wouldn't be really terribly entertaining. And rather pleasant, too, to keep on changing and moving as we apparently do—anyway, here's one woman, for instance, just come back after only four years going round the world and walking across Africa, or something, and says we've altered utterly even in that time, people, clothes, and everything. Takes sort of landmarks to make one realise these things, doesn't it? Like that dinner they had the other night, *par exemple*, to celebrate strange fact that only ten years ago even quite oldish women hadn't got votes. And there the hardy veterans assembled and told each other tales of how they once broke windows in Whitehall, and smacked policemen, and burnt houses down—rather pathetic in a way; but, after all, they did win, and in those stuffy old long skirts, too, which makes it all the more wonderful.

Not that anyone so terribly pines to vote exactly, but you just want to know you can if you *do* want to, so I'm all for the Flappers' Vote likewise, that

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The Senior Saloon £565.

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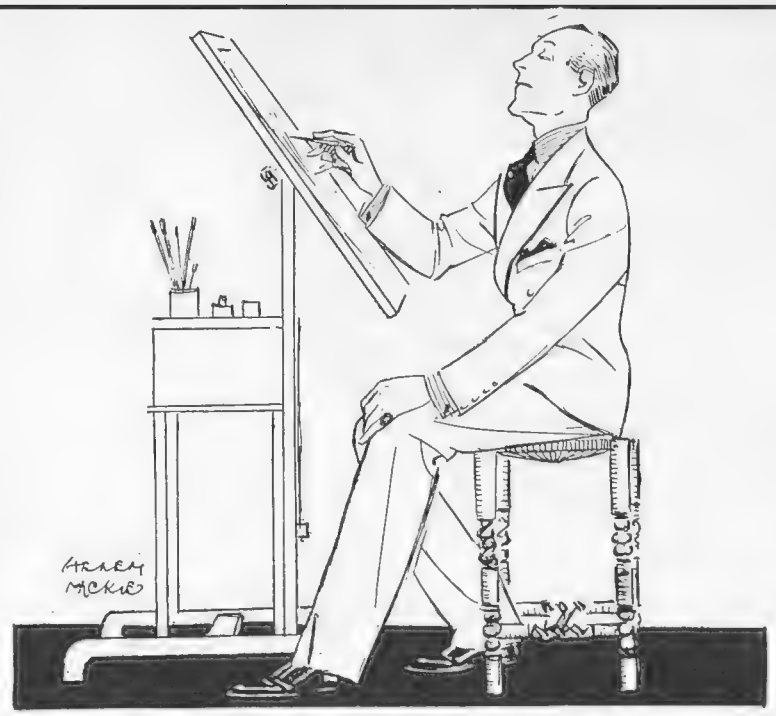
they say'll quite likely be put through by this very Parliament that met again only last week as ever was. Which, by the way—M.P.s arriving once more in our midst I mean—will give, meseems, a bit of a kind of extra shove or push-off to the new sort-of-season that has a way of beginning just about this time, especially with the Court back in town and all, and even H.M. Levées starting in a week or two. Not that seasons ever really properly begin or end these informal days (except for the one big break round about Goodwood time), and no more are the stately mansions in Grosvenor Square shuttered for months or all the blinds drawn in Mayfair for stated periods. But it's just about getting on for coming-back-time now for quite a lot, even for those who have wandered abroad to escape our own special brand of Winter (I don't blame 'em either)—winter sports getting very near their end, for one thing, and certainly quite enough happening in this little burg to keep going even those that make a study of how to fill up their time. . . . I do believe there are such people, you know. Think of it. People who have to *kill* time when what you and I love to do is to *make* it, isn't it, and even forty-eight hours a day wouldn't be half enough. . . .



"Most of the artists I know wear theirs much too short and neat"

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Opera season fixed already—oh, not till April; but it's a sign or symptom anyway, is not it? and complete with Chaliapin and other stars, too, so we shall hold our own, more or less, even against New York. Which hath us, though, sure beaten to a frazzle and whacked to the wide in the way of night clubs, to judge, that is, by one of the very latest books I've been reading, Mr. Stephen Graham's "New York Night," to wit. All about the perfectly astonishing nocturnal resorts in aforesaid great city it is, and, my dear, some startling little bits of talk there are therein that make one feel we're all quite too fearfully prim and proper and Early-Victorian still. Hectic isn't the word. Fair orgies and things in "Nigger Heaven" and places that are almost enough to make a young girl blush, even in 1928. And then there's, of course, the famous Texas Guinan's that even some of us benighted English have heard of—Texas being a big blonde lady with rigidly waved hair who runs the show all on her wonderful personality and knows everybody.

"Tales of how . . . . . they smacked policemen"

The room is full. Lady Diana has arrived, accompanied by a judge's son. . . . It seems appalling for rich and elegant males to dance with bottles in their pockets. . . . It was sad to see one of the most beautiful women, exquisitely dressed, pressing a big bottle to her bosom under her shawl of Persian silk. . . .

That's only the mere start, *bien entendu*, but the purple passages come later on, believe me, though hardly fitted for these virgin pages, I fear. And then think of *our* decorous dance clubs that get raided now and then. I should smile.

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Which reminds me, America does, I mean, of that rather odd new play, *Tin Gods*, at the Garrick. All about a lot of people on a liner, it is, who were captured by Chinese pirates, and then shoved on a more or less desert island where they all quarrelled about who should be King of the Castle, so to speak, till the chief pirate explained that the leader was to be sacrificed in the best and most elaborate Chinese manner, whereupon there was some silence. In aforesaid play there are two Americans, husband and wife, so appallingly awful that I'm not surprised one or two of their countrymen in the audience got up and left. Never pretended to love all Americans too dearly myself, but—well, if we want to tell the bad ones what we think of 'em, let's do it with a smile, what? And there's good ones, too, you know, odd to relate—met quite a nice bunch dancing at Prince's the other night, though must say a pleasant weekday evening there with that really just-right band and supper to match does bathe things generally in somewhat roseate light, as you might say.

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Wonderful what a really good band can do to give you that "all's right with the world" feeling, isn't it? Teddie Brown and his band, f'r instance, who make dancing on that glass floor at The Silver Slipper in Regent Street a real joy which the cheerful decorations—to say nothing of rare meats and fine wines—certainly do naught to mar—far from it!

With love, yours ever,

Blanchette.

MEMORIES REFRESHED BY WORTHINGTON

THOSE WERE DAYS

When we took our lives in our hands and climbed up into the Panhard, and there fur-coated, be-goggled, with leather leggings and a saucy nautical cap, tasted the pleasures of road-hogging. How our eyes sparkled when she touched twenty! How our fair partner clutched our arm and bit her veil as the speed jumped from fifteen to sixteen and from sixteen to seventeen! And how we enjoyed that Worthington at the "Dog and Compass" at the end of—marvel of marvels—a thirty-mile run with only two breakdowns!

FACTS FOR FANCIERS

GLASS STILL RISING

By "THE KENNELMAN"

CRUFT'S great Show for 1928 being already part of doggy history, owners seeking expert verdicts on their canine favourites are considering the biggest exhibitions of the near future. In the North, pride of place is claimed for Manchester's Championship Show fixed for March 28 and 29. The Kensington Canine Society's Show (one of the most fashionable functions of its kind in the year) is due at the Crystal Palace on April 12. The Ladies' Kennel Association hold theirs at Olympia on May 3 and 4. The Liverpool Show this year will be on May 16. Southend has a Show next Wednesday; and Saturday of next week is Alsatian day at Bristol. In France the number of Dog Shows held would seem to be on the increase, and the same holds of Italy; but in Germany the number has gone down during the past couple of years. As to the relative popularity of the different breeds in the last-named country, the expert, Mr. Geo. Horowitz, writing recently in *Our Dogs*, gave the following sequence: — Sheepdogs (Alsatians) an easy first, and then Dachshunds, Boxers, Fox-Terriers, Great Danes, Airedales, and St. Bernards, in that order.

Readers who reproach The Kennelman for not giving full doggy statistics for 1927 might note that the job would demand more columns than the inches of space at his disposal. The fountain-head of this and all similar information is The Kennel Club, 84, Piccadilly; and students of the subject who get *The Kennel Gazette* each month (as all should) will find the figures fully set forth and carefully analysed. Extremely interesting reading they make, too. The 1928 issue of the K.C. Calendar and Stud Book (Vol. 55) will be out very shortly, and that "Dogman's Bible" forms a combined Debrett and Who's Who of Dogdom. The outstanding fact about last year's statistics is that, notwithstanding the huge increases recorded for previous post-war years, the registrations of pedigree Dogs showed a still further increase of nearly a thousand. Of the many hundred Shows held last year the dozen biggest attracted nearly fifty thousand entries. As for total annual registrations, the figures have mounted steadily during the past seven years, from sixteen thousand to just upon sixty thousand. Of these, the Sporting Breeds have increased from ten thousand to thirty-eight thousand; the Non-Sporting, from six thousand to twenty-one thousand.

During 1927 Alsatians showed a slight drop, and so did Airedales and Fox-Terriers; but Cockers continued their wonderful rise (to 4,293), and so did Pekingese (to 3,967). Labradors were up again, but Goldens a little down. Pomeranians were down once more, and Greyhounds (thanks, of course, to the racing track) multiplied their registrations several times over, reaching far higher figures than the breed has ever before known. Whippets also went up, and so, markedly, did Irish Setters, Deerhounds, Salukis, Shetland Sheepdogs, Mastiffs, Chows, Great Danes, and a good many others. Sealyhams dropped a bit, but our old friend the Scottie rose, and Cairns, notably among the Terriers, maintained their steady climb.

A Dog-food that has risen notably in favour among fanciers is the Ken-L-Ration, of which free sample tins can be had from Chappel Bros., 28, Victoria Street, S.W.1. Its bone-building qualities are rated high.

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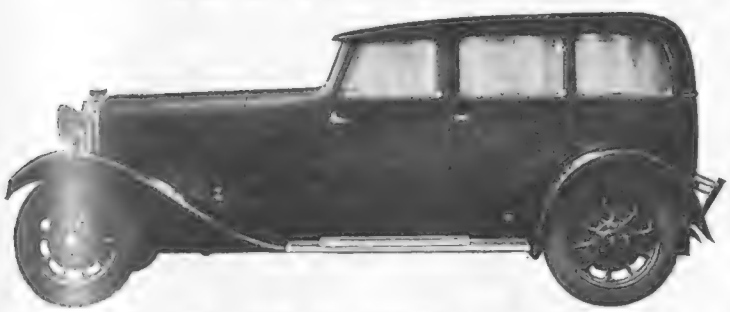

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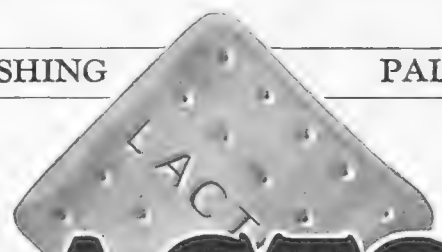

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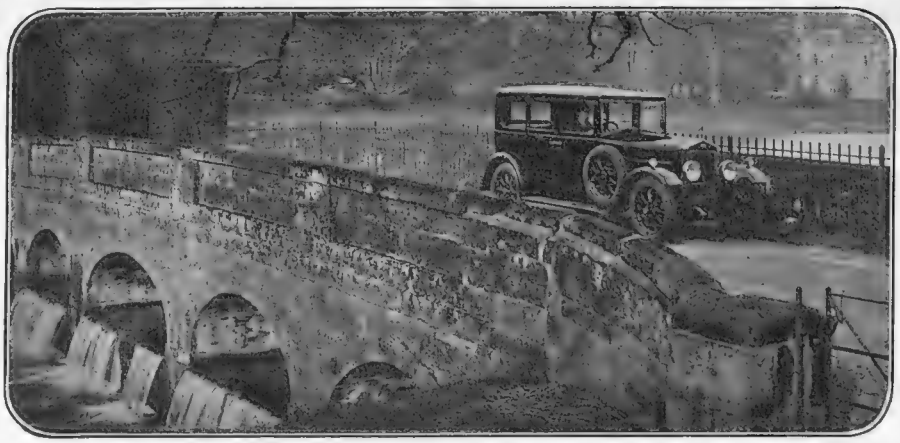

A COUNTRY SCENE

A Wolseley "Silent Six" photographed in charming surroundings. It is crossing the bridge at Compton Verney

MOTOR NOTES

By E. M. WRIGHT

THE British Petroleum Company, proprietors of B.P. spirit, have just sent me a new 7s. 6d. book published by Ernest Benn, entitled "In a Persian Oilfield." It deals with the activities of their parent concern, the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, and is a record of achievement that holds many lessons for British industry. It is a striking example of this application of science to industry in its broadest aspects, including the human factors, as well as the handling of raw materials. As an instance of how completely the book deals with the subject, the first few chapters are on the Persian oilfield, how the oil is found, how the wells are drilled, and the study of pressures and levels. Then comes the problem of the waste gas, which is perhaps the most fascinating of all. Formerly this gas, which issues with the oil from immense depths, used to be burned as waste. Much of it still is, and the gigantic flares lighting up hundreds of square miles of barren hillsides at night are still amongst the chief impressions that a visitor takes away with him. But now an ever-increasing proportion of the gas is made use of. At the time the book was written some 30,000,000 cubic feet of gas were yielding 60,000 gallons of petrol a day. The by-products from the gas include pure sulphur, carbon black (which is used in printing inks and made by carbonising the gas; 1,000 cu. ft. of the gas will make 1lb. of carbon black, which will print 2,250 copies of a 16-page newspaper), chloroform, butyl alcohol (a valuable solvent for the cellulose now so universally used for motor car finishes) and T.N.T., the high explosive originally produced from coal tar; also hard carbons for electric arc lamps are amongst other by-products, all obtained from a gas which a few years ago was considered as not merely waste but a serious nuisance. The daily production of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company's property in Persia is 4,000,000 gallons of oil; yet there are still 30,000,000 cubic feet of gas burnt as waste, enough to supply for the purposes of heat, light, and power the daily needs of a city the size of Glasgow. Other chapters deal with how research is being carried on, the pipe line, water, electric power and light, the process of refining the crude oil, and a second part of the book deals with the personnel and how it is looked after.

***

DURING a visit to the Renault Depot at Seagrave Road, Fulham, last week, I came across the first two of the very newest version of the 9-15 h.p. saloons. The chassis now incorporates the same type of triangulated rear springing as on the great 45 h.p. Renault, one of Europe's most

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AT LARGE

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celebrated cars, and the coachwork of these latest saloons has to be seen to be believed. Both are four-door saloons with single pane windscreens and every desirable fitting. The price of the standard model is £182, and of the De Luxe, which has a more luxurious finish, £199. Such value for money is only made possible by enormous manufacturing resources. The size of the Renault concern is not always realised in this country. The works at Billancourt alone cover 230 acres (over one-third of a square mile) and employ 30,000 people. In this country a new factory has been completed at Acton. It is now open, but operations are at present confined to preparing and finishing off the cars as received from France for the British market. Assembly is expected to start during the summer.

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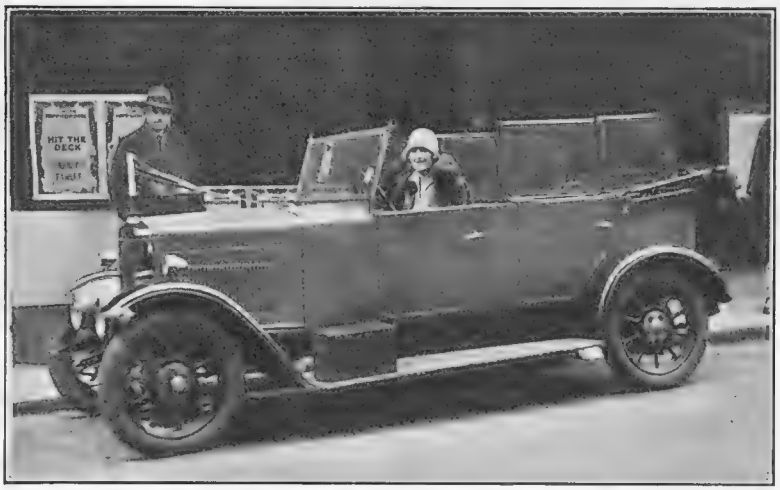

AN ACTRESS AND HER CAR

Miss Helen Gilliland, the well-known actress, photographed in an Ascot all-steel welded car. This car is to be placed on the market at the remarkable price of £130, and 6,000 of them will be on the road this year

ALTHOUGH the Daimler Company have so varied a range of standard coachwork to offer purchasers, they still do not feel that the variety—running, I believe, to over 70 models in all—is sufficient to meet the extraordinary divergence of individual taste amongst the class of people who buy Daimler cars. With the increase of mass production at the lower end of the scale there seems to be still stronger reversion to individualism at the other end. So the Daimler people made a very striking and enterprising gesture after the last Olympia Show when they bought up the best examples of special coachwork exhibited on various Daimler chassis by the eminent firms of coachbuilders who had stands of their own at Olympia.

***

THIS collection is now housed at the principal Daimler Works in Coventry, where it is open to any visitor, trade or private; and so important do they regard its value to the public that they shortly intend to rebuild that part of the works that is nearest the general offices in Radford Road, Coventry, and turn it into a showroom for the specific purpose of exhibiting these special types of individualist coachwork. Including, as it does, almost every type of body available, it should prove a veritable exhibition in itself.

***

THE foreign touring season has already opened, and the R.A.C. is daily shipping cars to various Continental ports on behalf of Members and Associate Members. Because of its position as the representative body of automobilism in this country, the R.A.C. has always been able to offer unrivalled facilities to motorists wishing to tour abroad. In addition to the arrangements it makes in regard to shipping, customs papers, international travelling passes, and so forth, it has reciprocal arrangements with foreign Clubs, including exchange of membership and touring advantages. Probably more important still, the R.A.C has fifty-five offices and agents in various towns in Europe, Algeria and Egypt.

E. M. WRIGHT.

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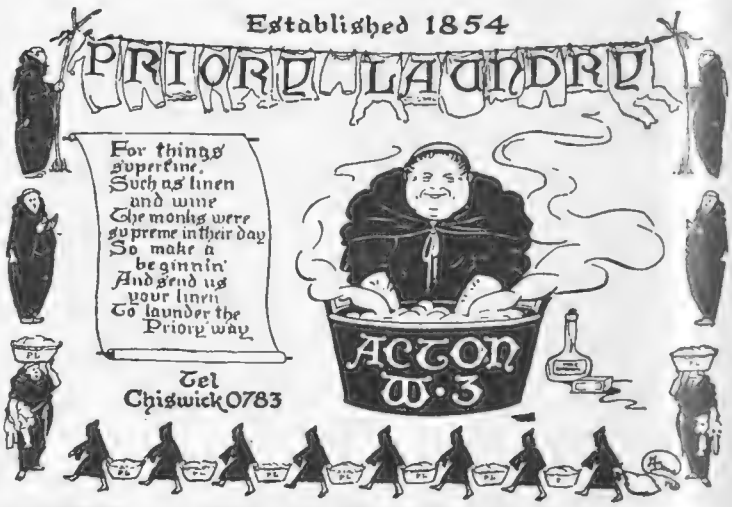

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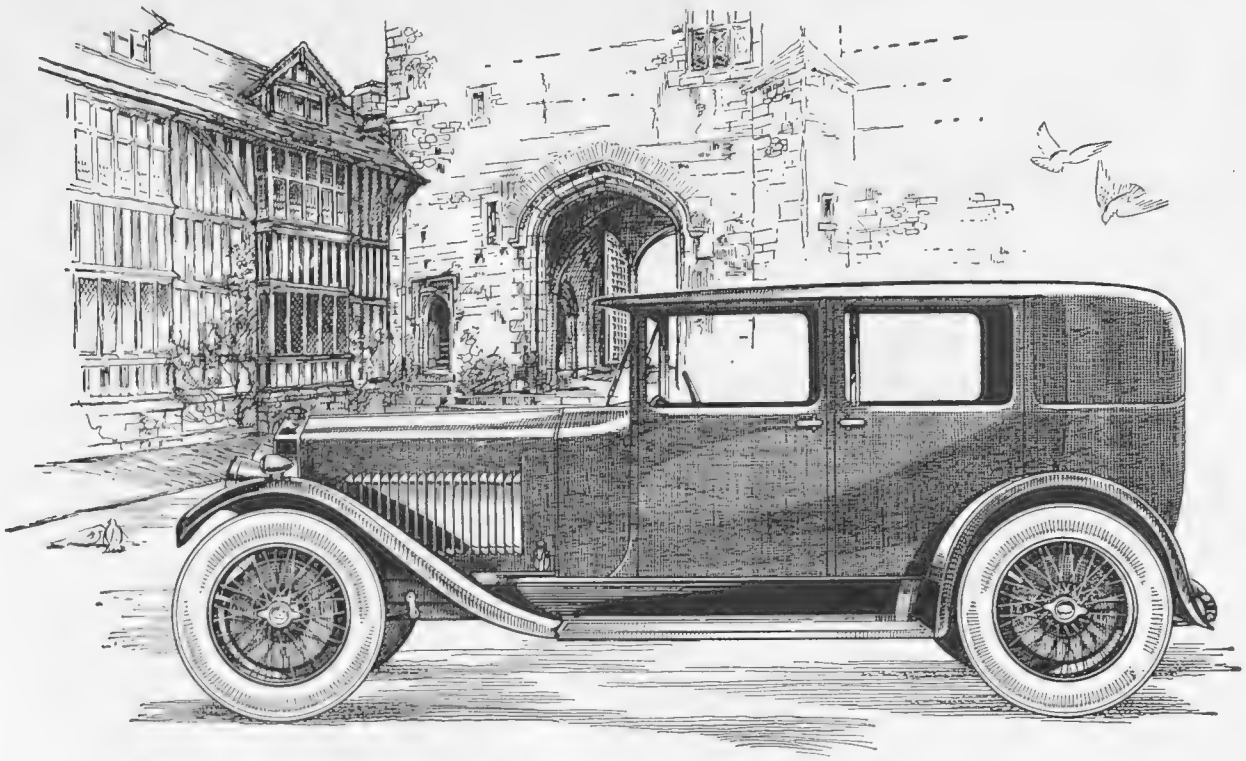

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A BYSTANDER among the BOOKS

by Ralph Straus

THERE is something very fascinating about a prophet, and his writings may still be enjoyed even after, as so often happens, he has been proved to be wrong. In the ranks of our modern prophets Mr. Wells long held first place, and perhaps he is still entitled to the position; but there are others at his heels, and some of them are mightily picturesque, as you may see for yourself if you read any of those little square books in shiny black covers which Messrs. Kegan Paul are issuing in their *To-day and To-morrow* series. The authors of these stimulating essays are content to deal with one particular phase of the changing panorama, but in *The Day after To-morrow* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) Sir Philip Gibbs concerns himself with the future in general, and his book, to say the least of it, will be sufficiently startling to most people.

The scientists, it would seem, are already becoming our masters, alike in peace time and during war. And when those uncomfortable things inside us called ductless glands have yielded up all their secrets, when all food has become synthetic—horrible thought!—and youth can be lengthened to taste, we can only suppose that the much-talked-of superman will really have arrived. But perhaps we shall not like the scientist of the future very much. We may decide that he is going too far. Sir Philip is commendably vague on the point, but rightly draws attention to its possible importance.

What, too, of the nations? Will they discover that warfare is rather more bother than it is worth? Will the marvels of wireless and the new methods of transport evolve a new super-national patriotism? Sir Philip thinks that therein will lie our salvation, but he is not very hopeful. Perhaps, however, when the atom has allowed itself to be conveniently split and mankind has become aware of its appalling danger, there may be a queer kind of spiritual revival. The author makes no wild suggestions. He bases his prophecies on such facts as there are, and nobody will read his book without a queer feeling of excitement, nor, I fancy, without some relief at the realisation that he, at any rate, is living to-day and not in that frightening future.

❋

I HAVE been entertained and amused by Doris Leslie's second novel, *Fools in Mortar* (Hurst and Blackett: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). Dealing as it does with the modern world of Bohemian London, it is almost bound to be a little outspoken. The young people of whom she is telling us, do their work, it is true, but they must also dance and drink cocktails and "have an affair." They are quaint enough folk, and round about a little group of them the authoress has devised a good story told sympathetically and in the most spirited fashion.

The chief fool in mortar is the very nice Noel, who is the illegitimate daughter of a peer. Her short career on the stage—you will find yourself, by the way, chuckling at the theatrical vignettes, which are quite diabolically clever—brings with it a romance with a married man which, in the modern way, is carried too far. You do not blame the girl overmuch, but her folly is patent. And it says much for the writer's artistry that she does not succumb to the temptation of staging a gloriously happy final "curtain." The book is unconventional and piquant. It would have shocked our grandmothers out of their lace caps, but we can enjoy its gay pictures and appreciate even its most tragic moments.

❋

A YEAR ago there was published in this country the first story of a young American writer, by name Thornton Wilder. Unfortunately, I missed this book—*The Cabala*—at the time, but after reading its successor, I have come to the conclusion that in Mr. Wilder we have a writer of the very first rank. Not infrequently you come across a man who can write very well; sometimes you find an author with a really novel idea; but very seldom do you find both together. Yet in *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* (Longmans: 6*s.* net) there is a wholly new idea enshrined in very noble prose.

It is a quite extraordinary book, very short, very vivid, startlingly unexpected. Yet there is more in this singular book than an original story beautifully told; there is a little gallery of folk who remain in your memory. Unlike so many averagely good books, *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* persists in filling your mind long after you have read it. You find yourself discussing its various merits. Undoubtedly it is one of the books of the year, and the day ought to come when Mr. Wilder's name will be very widely known. Not for a very long time have I read a work of imagination which has impressed me so much.

❋

"FOR a seller of cheap medicines I never sett up; for a preparer of genuine ones I always did, and, while I continue in trade, always intend to do." These words, written in 1783 by Joseph Gurney Bevan, sum up the spirit of *Plough Court, The Story of a Notable Pharmacy,* which has been published by Allen and Hanbury's Limited. The book tells the story of this famous firm from its foundation in Plough Court, Lombard Street, in 1715, by Sylvanus Bevan, the uncle of Joseph Gurney Bevan, mentioned above, to its present existence under the control, still in Plough Court, of the direct successors of the old Quaker Bevans. It is a story of absorbing interest, set out in a beautifully produced book, which should appeal to a wide circle of readers, and especially to those who are interested in historical London.

Vaughan and Freeman

DORIS LESLIE

Whose new novel, "Fools in Mortar," is reviewed on this page. Mrs. Leslie is the widow of Mr. John Leslie, and her first book, "The Starling," enjoyed a big success last year. She has played at the Old Vic. and with the Birmingham Repertory Co. under the name of Doris Ormond

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Books of Reference

The Reference Books which make their appearance each year are taken so much as a matter of course that one does not realise how invaluable they are until they are missed from their accustomed place on the shelf. The issues of 1928 have now made their appearance. *Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage and Companionage* (Dean and Son, Ltd., 75*s.* net) is a complete guide to the various orders and degrees of the Realm. Kelly's Directories, Ltd., publish *Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed and Official Classes,* at 30*s.*, and *The Royal Blue Book Court Guide,* at 7*s.* 6*d.*, each being a perfectly reliable work of reference on the subjects with which they deal and containing a great amount of useful information. *Who's Who* (A. and C. Black, Ltd., 45*s.* net) gives a succinct biography of everyone of any note to-day in a remarkably compact form. *Whitaker's Almanack,* published from 12, Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row, at 6*s.*, gives information on practically every subject under the sun. A useful little handbook is *Clubs,* 1928 (Spottiswoode, Ballantyne and Co., 7*s.* 6*d.*), which contains essential information about English Clubs in all parts of the world.

Concerning "business golf" (in quotes)
We hear strange allegations,
Of hefty wads is stuffed with notes
In large denominations.

"BUSINESS GOLF"

Wherewith colossal bets are paid
That smite the brain with dizziness.
How nice if games could just be played
For Sport, and not for business!

Drawn and coloured by D Zinkeisen and dedicated, with permission,
to John Walker Esq., distiller of Fine Whisky, Kilmarnock, Scotland

Those who would like an unmounted reprint, in full colour, of this design, are invited to write to John Walker & Sons, Ltd., 12, Mark Lane, E.C.3. It will be sent free

The lesson of the Oxford Road

THERE is food for thought in the Oxford Road. A century ago famous Mail Coaches rolled along it to Oxford, Banbury and the North. Then came railways; the Coaches disappeared, the Oxford Road became a peaceful, empty highway. After the War came the revival of the roads. In the early post war years, little of the traffic that used the Oxford road was British built. It came to England, this traffic, in strings of barges drawn up the Thames by fussy tugs, to be unloaded and set upon the roads of England.

Of recent years this river borne traffic has dwindled as did the coaches on the Oxford road. But the road itself has seen a great revival.

Travel down it any day and you will see car after car, British built, travelling in convoy for delivery, some in this country, some for the markets of the world. A cheerful sight for him who has the welfare of his country at heart.

Morris by sheer value has wrought the change. Seven great Morris factories are busily employed in producing British cars that price for price and performance for performance, challenge comparison anywhere.

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BUY BRITISH AND BE PROUD OF IT.

DA 59.

FEMINA

COSTUME AND ACTION

By MRS. M. VINCE

A VERY beautiful and interesting book * has just been published, with about a hundred designs for theatrical costumes by different modern artists and chapters by such theatrical producers as Mr. Nigel Playfair, Sir Barry Jackson and Mr. Cochran. It has, too, an introductory essay by Mr. Max Beerbohm on dress—not in the theatre, but in the street. In that essay Mr. Beerbohm deplores the fact that the designers of dresses for the theatre dress so badly themselves. He not only makes this point, but illustrates it. He has drawn five friends of his, "all designers of fantastic and lovely costumes," as they dress themselves. It is a sombre and forbidding picture. Then he shows them as they might be if only they would dress "with fantasy and colours" to be an example to their fellow-citizens in the streets.

IT is an attractive idea—but does Mr. Beerbohm realise how dangerous it is? It is always dangerous to copy the decorations of the stage in real life. Possibly it is still more dangerous to copy its dress. For while all dress expresses character, dress on the stage has to express a great deal of character which in real life is expressed by action. There is in this book a beautiful and fantastic design by Mr. Cecil ffrench Salkeld for a warrior's costume. It is not like any uniform that ever has been or could be worn. It is a costume to show you at a glance on the stage what in real life a man shows you by his whole life—that he is a fighter.

AS we do not in real life want to substitute costume for action, it is not by going to the designers of theatrical costumes that we shall have beautiful dress in the streets, but by keeping to the old and sound rule of making dress exactly suited to the actions of the wearers. Then the more active and various the lives of men and women, the more varied and the more beautiful their dress will be.

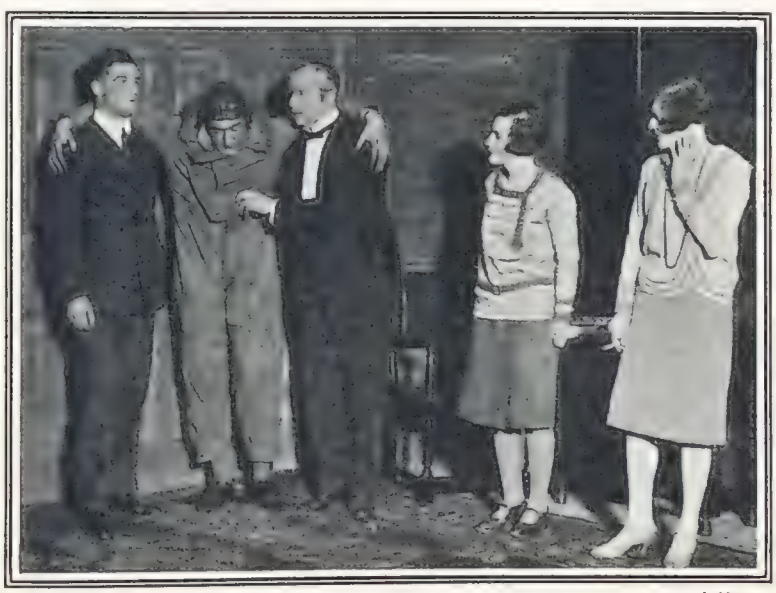
THIS is what women are doing, and doing with much more success than men. Mr. Beerbohm regrets the failures of the attempts which he has seen to brighten men's dress. He notes that, about 1910, socks and ties became more vivid. He notes, too, and with satisfaction, that in 1925 the "pull-over" and the Oxford trousers brought not only colour, but even "a touch of fantasy" into men's costumes. But how pitifully small—as Mr. Beerbohm frankly admits—were these attempts at a brighter dress for men! How much braver, bolder and more successful women have been!

WHERE women have been much braver than men is that, while men, as Mr. Max Beerbohm says, have been timidly altering the colours of their socks and ties, women have boldly changed the whole shape of their dress to suit the much greater physical activity of their lives. They have not only followed the example of men in having special costumes suited to the violent activity of sport, but they have gone beyond men in making their dress much more suitable for the ordinary activities of their lives. It is not their sombreness, but their shape, which is the weakness of men's clothes. Men still dress with a stiffness very strange in an active age. They may change the colours, but they seem unable to escape from the shape. They may, as Mr. Beerbohm says, go in for brighter ties, but they still confine their necks in collars. They may, as Mr. Beerbohm says, go in for brighter socks, but they still wear trousers. No one has shown the ugliness of trousers more clearly than Mr. Beerbohm. His drawings of men make you suddenly realise what a very strange garment they are. They were intended for those who neither run nor walk. And men know it. But they seem unable to escape from them. One has only to look at men and women in the street on a wet day to see how much more sensibly dressed are the women. The woman, with her short skirt and her gaiters up to the knee, is much less at the mercy of mud and rain than the man who still wears long trousers, and who, however daintily he walks, gets them splashed with mud almost to the knee.

AND is the modern woman's dress more or less beautiful than the more elaborate dress of other times? Suppose you were to take the beautiful dress in this book which Mr. George Sheringham designed for Donna Clara in Sheridan's play, *The Duenna*, with its crinoline and panniers, and put it beside the plain, sleeveless, white dress of a modern tennis player, you would have no doubt about saying that there could be no comparison. The first is much more beautiful than the second. But then we have no right to compare empty dresses. The woman of the eighteenth century had very little action by which to show her grace and beauty. She showed them by dress. But the modern girl shows them in a dozen active ways. One must take the dress and the woman together, and compare a woman standing in that beautiful dress designed by Mr. Sheringham with a slow-motion film, let us say, of Señorita de Alvarez making a backhand drive.

MISS PHYLLIS DARE *Hal Linden*

Who plays a leading part in "The Yellow Mask," the new musical play, the book of which is by Edgar Wallace. It was produced in the West End last week and is at the Cariton Theatre



I.N.A.

FROM THE STICKS TO THE BOARDS

Members of the Tulse Hill Hockey Club in a scene from "The Kiss Cure," which they produced recently at the Public Hall, in Croydon. The photograph shows Messrs. J. Capes, the International hockey player (left), K. Worley, E. Percival, and the Misses D. Corsan, and M. Percival

* "Robes of Thespis. Costumes Designs by Modern Artists." Edited for Rupert Mason by George Sheringham and R. Boyd Morrison. Published by Ernest Benn: 8 guineas.

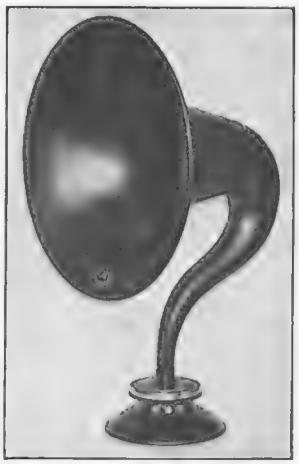
RADIO NOTES

By J. H. REYNER, B.Sc., A.C.G.I., A.M.I.E.E., M.I.R.E.

I WAS in conversation the other day with a well-known mechanical engineer who was discussing the question of small wireless receivers suitable for the masses. His point of view was that the job was horribly unmechanical owing to the necessity for the provision of batteries external to the receiver which had continually to be replaced or recharged. He expressed the opinion that in time we should obtain some method of amplifying which would be independent of external power of this nature, in consequence of which the cheapness and simplicity of wireless apparatus would be increased tremendously.

Horn Types of Loud-speaker

HORN types of loud-speaker, such as that illustrated on this page, are reasonably efficient viewed in terms of our present-day standards. They suffer from the disadvantage, however, that they are unable to reproduce the very low tones with the necessary fidelity, and more recently there has been considerable development in the cone type. An ordinary loud-speaker consists of a large-sized telephone receiver having an iron diaphragm which is attracted or repelled from an electro-magnetic system according to the currents which pass through it. The vibrations set up air waves which are amplified and radiated by means of a horn. In the cone type of speaker the diaphragm itself is made very large and the horn is dispensed with. This type is relatively less efficient, and requires more energy input to produce the same volume of sound. Yet even this did not prove satisfactory for the connoisseur, and the latest types require the provision of current from an extra battery in order to bring them to a reasonable pitch of sensitivity. Admittedly the quality is extremely good with this last-named type of loud-speaker (known as the moving coil instrument), but one cannot help wondering whether all this development is not rather in the wrong direction. There is a distinct tendency to-day to revert to horn types owing to their greater efficiency. The instrument shown on this page is the C.A.V. Standard model, which is a robust and efficient example of the horn type. This firm also market a cone type of speaker, to say nothing of some attractive receivers; while their batteries, of course, are known almost universally.



THE C.A.V. LOUD-SPEAKER, STANDARD MODEL
Price £3 15s.

Valve Developments

FOR the present, however, it would appear that we must be content with valve amplifiers and the necessary batteries as accessories. It must be admitted that the valve manufacturer has materially assisted the development of the cheap receiver by the production of such economical valves as are available to-day. A modern valve will work with a filament energy of between 0.1 and 0.2 watts, compared with 25 or 30 times as much only a few years ago, and modern circuits are being devised in which the consumption from the high-tension (dry) battery is considerably minimised. In addition, valves are now produced specifically to do certain types of work, and when one reviews a comprehensive range of valves, such, for example, as those issued by the Mullard Radio Valve Company, the enormous assistance rendered by the valve manufacturer of to-day becomes apparent. Perhaps to the user the multiplicity of types is at first confusing, but now all valves are rapidly falling into about five types only, these types being made to suit either 2-, 4-, or 6-volt accumulators, so that there is not very much difficulty in deciding which is which. Good mechanical strength and long life are other features of the modern valve.

A "SELECTOR" IS

"ALWAYS GOOD COMPANY"

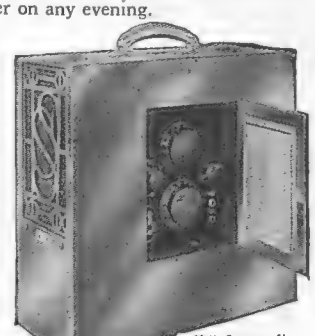
Radio entertainment is always voted as jolly good company provided the reception does justice to the broadcasting.

No one, unless they have had the opportunity of listening in on a **"Selector,"** can appreciate what broadcast reception really can be. The delicate overtones, flutes, harp, cello, bass instruments, drums, and every instrument of the orchestra are reproduced with absolute fidelity. In addition to this, **"Selector"** sets are portable and can be carried from room to room and do not require the use of aerial or earth.

The "Selector" Super Seven is the set par excellence on which over thirty stations can be received on the loud speaker on any evening.

The "Selector" Five gives equally splendid reception with a choice of alternative programmes.

The "Selector" Three is specially suited for reception of the Local Station and is, like all **"Selector"** sets, built for the express purpose of doing full justice to all song, speech and music broadcast, so that owners can be assured of always having good company whenever radio is called upon to add to their pleasure.



"Selector" Super Seven

Prices from 18 guineas

Royalties paid and ready for immediate use

Write for descriptive Leaflet BS/753 Obtainable from all Stores and Dealers

SELECTORS, LIMITED
1 DOVER STREET, LONDON, W.1
Telephone REGENT 4771/2

RADIO IN EVERY ROOM

NO AERIAL — NO EARTH NO TROUBLE

THE Langham Portable Radio Receiver is a long-range, completely self-contained set, weighing only about 27 lbs.

The 5-valve Transatlantic model is guaranteed to receive at least 20 main British and European stations on the loud-speaker under normal conditions. No other portable has such a wonderful range. There is only *one* tuning control, and the loud-speaker gives beautiful tone and full volume.

We give a two years' guarantee and seven days' trial. Money returned if you are not satisfied.

ONLY £6 DOWN—

balance by small instalments.

Call at our showrooms for a demonstration or write for full particulars now.

The LANGHAM Portable Radio

Langham Radio, Albion House, 59, New Oxford St., W.C.1
Telephone: Museum 2878 & 8293.

"On with the Dance" in Three Capitals

G. Gerlach

MADEMOISELLE TERPSICHORE

The famous cabaret star and dancer, who has just fulfilled a three months' season of engagements in Paris and Berlin. She will be remembered by Londoners as having played last season in the New Prince's Cabaret, and she is now on a short provincial tour of the Moss Empire Circuit of Theatres

OXO

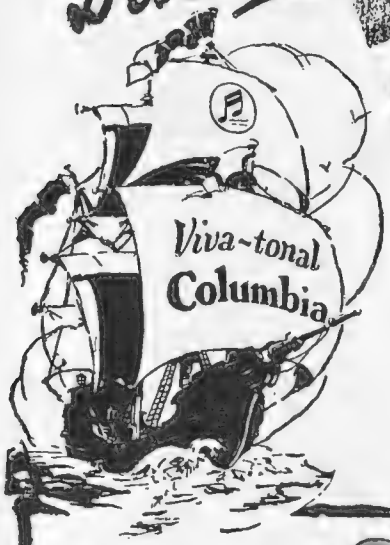
Something like —

—A LEAP YEAR PROPOSAL

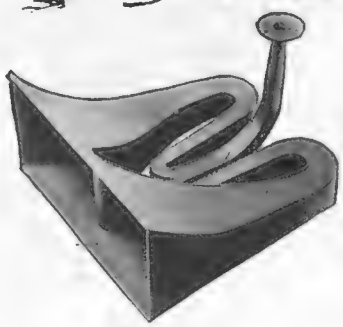
The OXO habit saves many bills

Discovery

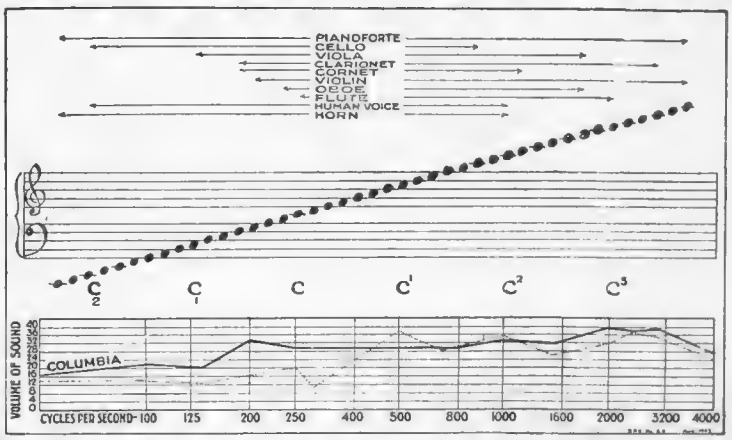
GREATER VOLUME— —WITHOUT DISTORTION!



The Viva-tonal Columbia



THIS Stereoscopic Horn is one of the secrets of *Viva-tonal* Columbia superiority. Its shape and construction not only gives Greater Volume but eliminates any possibility of exaggerating the intensity of some notes out of proportion to others as illustrated in the diagram.



This Diagram shows the curve of Volume or Sound against the musical scale and the range of musical instruments. Note how even is the black line of volume of the "Viva-Tonal" Columbia against the irregular dotted line of volume of the average gramophone of to-day.

IN addition to its other exclusive advantages the ***Viva-tonal*** Columbia not only gives Greater Volume than other gramophones, but gives it Without Distortion. This obviously means that the music reproduced though louder is STILL PURE MUSIC. The above diagram shows how, in other gramophones, the volume is distorted and irregular, as against the Greater Volume and Even Response of the ***Viva-tonal*** Columbia. That is why the ***Viva-tonal*** Columbia is ***musical*** while other instruments are ***gramophonic.*** The secret lies in the scientific combination of devices and improvements only to be found in the ***Viva-tonal*** Columbia.

Columbia Records
MAGIC NOTES
TRADE-MARK

Prices from
£4. 15s. to 50 Gns.

The ONLY Gramophone that Gives Even Response throughout its ENTIRE MUSICAL RANGE.

Console Models from
£14. 10s. to **£22. 10s.**
As Illustrated
No. 156. **£22. 10s.**

The Four Points of Columbia Leadership

The *Viva-tonal* Columbia has secured for the first time in any gramophone—

1. Even Response
2. Increased Musical Range
3. Finer Analysis of Detail
4. Greater Volume without Distortion

You can prove this by Test and Comparison.

SPECIAL INVITATION

Special arrangements have been made by which Columbia dealers will honour a Special Invitation Card issued by Columbia, entitling the bearer to a Free Demonstration of the new *Viva-tonal* Columbia and New Electric Records WITHOUT OBLIGATION. This Invitation, with ART Catalogue and Complete List of Records, will be sent post free on application to COLUMBIA, 102-108, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

Fashion's Fancies

By CYNTHIA

Beginning Early

WE have so often been told to "begin early," no matter what we propose to do, that it is advice that is apt to fall on more or less deaf ears. But there's no doubt about it; beginning early as far as ordering Spring clothes is concerned is the very best thing in the world. Wise women—or, in other words, women who know how to dress well—don't, of course, buy all their clothes *en bloc*—their Spring ones in April and their Winter ones in October. They fit themselves out with the nucleus of their outfit with due regard to the seasons, of course, but some things are still to be bought. And, above all, they are not "caught napping" in these months, amongst which February must, of course, be counted, that can be described as being "between the seasons."

Paris Leads the Way

FOR some weeks now Paris has been holding Spring *collections*. Riviera clothes for the Riviera, where fashions are made (and sometimes marred!), were, of course, designed in the very dim past; so in buying now there is no fear of investing in a "back number." Which is not, of course, saying that there won't be changes of a sort almost every day! When did Madame La Mode ever stand still? But these will not be drastic, for straws show which way the wind blows, and this particular Spring wind is "blowing in" graceful feminine styles: longer skirts for the evening, while for day wear they remain as short as ever; waistlines that are practically normal; colours that are soft and pleasing; and far more interesting millinery than we have been able to welcome for a very long time. Looking at the matter from a purely personal point of view, the woman who comes out in "the latest" before anybody else has got wind of it is far more likely to gain a reputation for being well dressed than if she went along with the crowd. To be the first to interpret the decrees of Paris is far more of an adventure than to be the last to do so. So it is only to be expected that those whose work it is to build for pioneers will labour particularly gladly and achieve wonderful results.

Two graceful georgette models, one for afternoon and one for evening wear, sketched in the Inexpensive Gown Dept., at Messrs. Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W.

Tie Effects are Fashionable

GRACEFUL feminine styles being to the fore in all the new Paris *collections*, it is natural enough that these should be sponsored by the two models from Messrs. Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, sketched on this page. Both hail from the Inexpensive Gown Department, where nothing, however attractive, is priced higher than six guineas, and georgette, still a hot favourite among Spring fabrics, is the medium employed in each case in a large range of the new colourings. The one on the left is, of course,

New millinery arrivals at Scott's, 1, Old Bond Street, W., testify to the vogue for fur-felt and Petersham trimming

Sketches by Beta

A Spring overcoat and costume that speak for themselves, or, rather, for the excellent tailoring of Smee, 55, South Molton Street, W.

an afternoon affair; note the petal skirt, likewise the fashionable tie, half of which, also the tiny *gilet,* is carried out in white. The right-hand frock, destined for the evening, has a tie effect at the back and handkerchief draperies, some of which start half-way up the bodice, indicating a higher waistline. And it is not only afternoon and evening models that are to be found in the Inexpensive Gown Department, other attractions taking the form of coat-frocks, jumper suits, etc., for early Spring wear at the same tempting price.

Early Spring Tailor-mades

So many women who would look their best in the tailored styles, that are more important than ever in the Spring dress scheme, quite erroneously think that good tailoring is prohibitively expensive. That, of course, is because they have not yet been introduced to the perfect cut and fit which the *clientèle* of Smee, 55, South Molton Street, W., are privileged to enjoy, together with the personal attention that makes for good results, at prices that range from 6 guineas, not only for costumes but for overcoats. The left-hand sketch above shows his most attractive rendering of a lightweight overcoat for Spring wear, carried out in one of the season's new tweeds, and effectively strapped and pocketed. The right-hand one shows a grey flannel suit in the new three-buttoned double-breasted shape, with two hip pockets, one above the other. Costume coats, it should be noted, are a shade longer this season than they were last.

Petersham and Felt

In the world of millinery, felt and Petersham ribbon are very closely allied at the moment, and these two fabrics are used to carry out the majority of the new arrivals at Scott's, 1, Old Bond Street, W. Three delightful shapes are shown on the preceding page, all carried out in fur felt, a material that is not only of a feather-weight lightness, but waterproof, and can be rolled up for greater facility in packing. These can all be obtained in a large range of the latest colourings. The one on the left, with the crown attractively stitched, is priced at 2 guineas; the centre one is, most surprisingly, only 28*s.* 6*d.*; the right-hand one, with its cut crown trimmed with Petersham, costs 55*s.* So much for the felts, which just now are very much in favour. Those seeking the coming season's straws, Bullibuntal, Bangkok, etc., will also find them in great variety at 1, Old Bond Street.

All That's New in Accessories—

Is to be found, of course, at Messrs. J. C. Vickery, 145, Regent Street, W., and it is accessories, as every well-dressed woman knows, that make or mar the toilette. See on the left below "the latest" in umbrellas, with handles in lizard, ivory and lizard, and shagreen. And, talking of umbrellas, the miniature umbrella affair that is so easily packed is most popular. One is neatly rolled into the leather motoring satchel, shown in the sketch—an ideal Easter gift for those who journey by road. And should you be seeking a charming wedding present for a friend who loves dainty things, why not let it be a manicure set in a flat case of coloured morocco leather, matched in colour to the enamelled fittings?

Jumper Suits

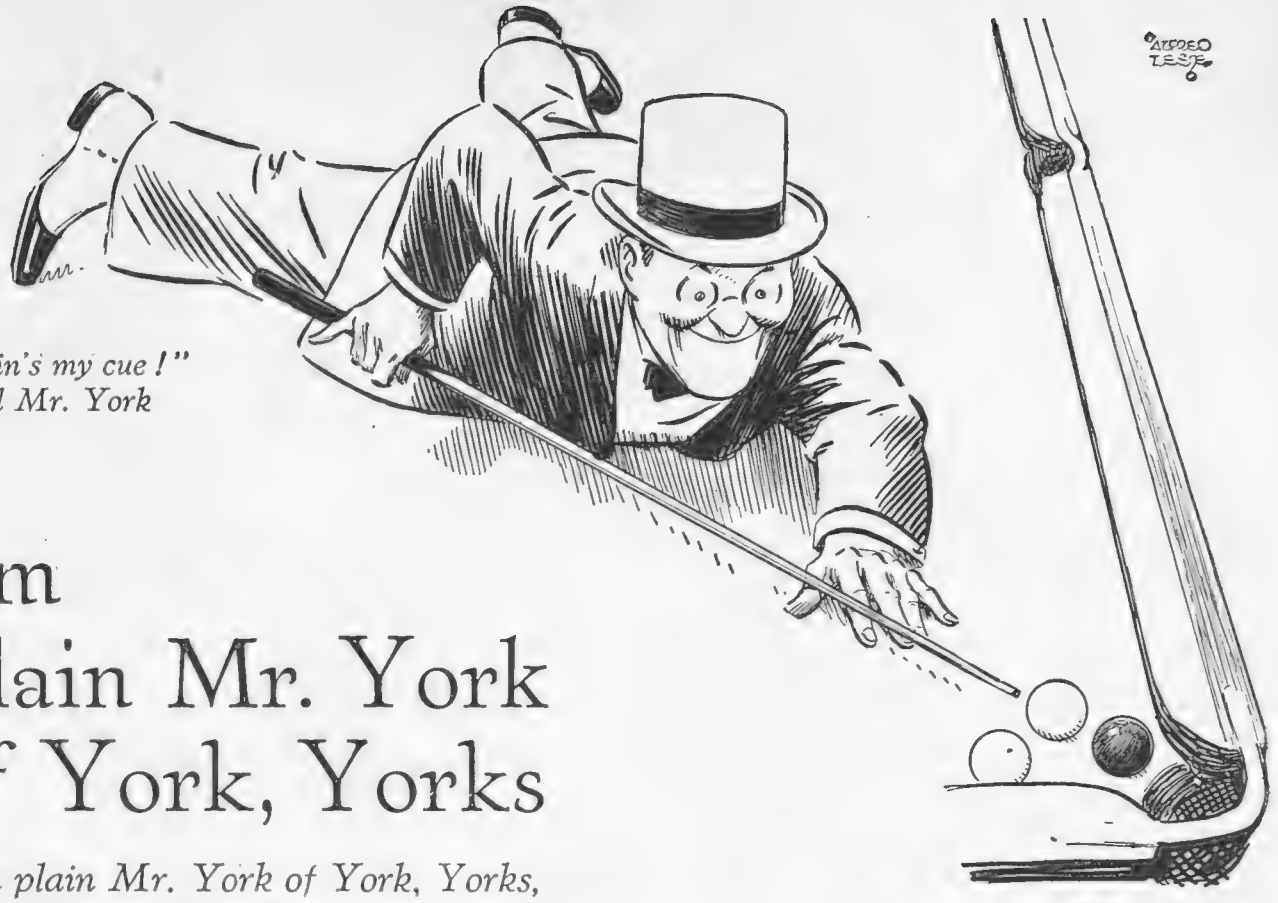
Smart and debonair as ever, the jumper suit is prominent among the new Spring styles, carried out in a large range of lightweight woollen fabrics. Particularly attractive examples are to be found at Walpole Bros. A skirt of lightweight tweed of small check design, with a jumper in marl stockinette to tone trimmed with tweed! That is the description, of one of their latest models, perfectly cut and finished and carried out at 59*s.* 6*d.* in various two-toned effects, that include cyclamen and grey, helio and sand, beige and green, and blue and stone.

Tropical Outfits

Walpole Bros., New Bond Street, make too a speciality of tropical outfits, and have in stock now a large selection of charming and distinctive frocks in silk and cotton, most reasonably priced, that will most admirably meet the needs of those who are going abroad within the next few weeks.

Lizard skin, ivory and shagreen, express the latest in umbrella handles at Messrs. J. C. Vickery, 145, Regent Street, W.

Sketches by Margot



"Plain's my cue!" said Mr. York

I'm Plain Mr. York *of* York, Yorks

"I'm plain Mr. York of York, Yorks,
And I leave all the Pros double baulks,
And I do not complain,
If they pocket the plain,
For there's plenty more PLAIN at
York, Yorks."

"Spot or plain?" asked the marker.

"Plain for choice," answered Mr. York, smiling. "That's my cue, you know . . . ."

"Look here," said the champion, "you've come here to play billiards, not to give us any more 'plain talks.' It's Plain to play."

"Very well," said Mr. York. He then settled down to a break of five.

"I'd no idea that billiards was such an exhausting game," said Mr. York, an hour later, as he watched his opponent make his hundredth consecutive cannon. "I declare I'm quite hungry. It's the same with football and all sports—you want Plain York when you're looking on even more than when you're playing. I'd better break a piece of Plain York Chocolate now—the only break I'm likely to make to-night."

Closing Scores { *Mr. York (received 900) 905.* / *The Champion (unfinished) 1,000.*

ASK AT THE SHOP FOR ROWNTREE'S

PLAIN YORK

FINEST EATING CHOCOLATE

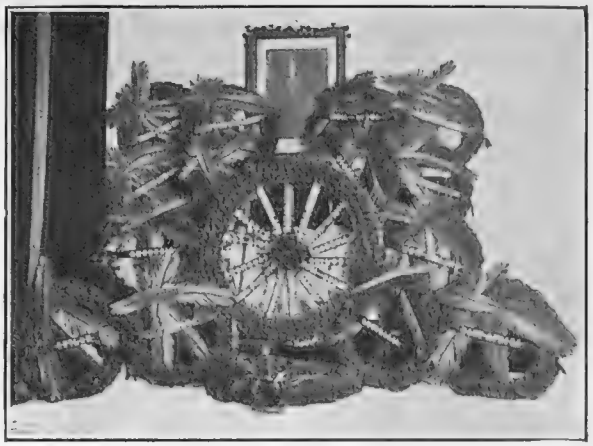
½-lb. cakes 1/-; also 6d. cakes; 2d. bars, etc.

Rowntree's Motoring Chocolate is Plain York with Almonds and Raisins. Plain (red label), ½ lb. 1/-; Milk (blue label), ½ lb. 1/1; and 6d. cakes, 2d. bars, etc.

The New Idea in Coiffures

Needless to say, the more gracious, feminine styles that fashion sponsors this spring are reacting on hairdressing, with the result that sleek, boyish heads are things of the past, and soft, becoming effects are aimed at by those who count themselves in the swim. That is why, with wavy hair essential in La Mode's latest scheme, permanent steam waving as carried out by André Hugo, 180, Sloane Street, S.W., is being so much discussed at the moment. With this latest scientific method, in which only skilled artists are employed, no electric heaters are used, and the hair is left beautifully glossy and soft, without any risk whatever of discoloration. And the charges are most moderate—from two to six guineas. André Hugo is, of course, a specialist in every branch of hair work, and his feather-weight transformations are really marvellous propositions for those who wish, without having their own hair cut, to appear in the prevailing fashion. For these, which are entirely undetectable under the closest scrutiny, only the best naturally wavy hair is used, and all the latest coiffure effects are included. Eighteen guineas (the price of a La Merveilleuse Shingled Transformation) is a low price to pay for perfection, and "fronts" only are obtainable from six guineas.

A FASHIONABLE TRANSFORMATION
Created by M. André Hugo, 180, Sloane Street, S.W.



AN EMPIRE-WIDE TRIBUTE

The magnificent wreaths which were sent to the funeral of Earl Haig in response to cables from branches of the British Empire Service League in all parts of the Empire. The League, of which the late Field-Marshal was Grand President, unites all the Ex-Servicemen's Organisations throughout the Empire

A British Venture

The Empire Tobacco Industry has received a very welcome advancement lately, for the Dominion Tobacco Company has produced tobacco which is stated by experts to be fully equal to the world's finest leaf. During recent years much care and trouble have been devoted to attempting to produce a really fine tobacco in the agricultural districts of Nyassaland and Rhodesia, and at last the work of the experts has been crowned with success. To-day, in the model London factory of the Dominion Tobacco Company—the first British company to market exclusively Dominion-grown tobaccos — millions of packets are sent out weekly.

The Care of the Teeth

Undoubtedly the secret of keeping the teeth pearly and germ-free lies in polishing. Teeth that are polished correctly have a smooth, clean surface that renders the germs of decay impotent, and always look bright and white. Calvert's Tooth Powder is an ideal preparation for using on the teeth, for its fine, smooth nature renders them beautifully white and polished, and is also a pleasant and at the same time valuable antiseptic. Calvert's Tooth Powder assures perfect health for the teeth and keeps them white and right.

CELES

LATEST MODELS

Make certain that the Celes Regd. name is on every garment.

CELES REGD

PURE SILK

CELES

Short Cuts to Beauty

By MIMOSA.

My advice to smart women, who demand the very best results, is to leave most toilet preparations alone. When facial applications are necessary, get only the pure ingredients, just as they come to the chemist himself. I will tell you in this column, from time to time, just what to get and how to use it. Do not be persuaded into buying some cheap toilet preparation. Any chemist can supply you with genuine concentrated ingredients, if he will, and I know personally that most firms make a speciality of selling original packages of all kinds of pure ingredients, both direct and by post. I can point out to you, however, many useful hints, which involve no expense at all.

"About Shampooing."—Even the best shampoo is somewhat drying, and if your hair is not naturally oily, I suggest that just before the shampoo you apply olive oil thoroughly to the scalp, rubbing it into the hair roots vigorously. Then use pure stallax for the shampoo. Dissolve a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water. This will leave the hair very clean and glossy.

"A Velvety Skin."—It is hard to tell you what kind of powder to use, skins vary so. I suggest that in your difficulty you use no powder at all, but apply a little lotion made by dissolving one ounce of eleminite in four ounces of water. This gives a much better finish than any powder, suits all complexions and stays upon the face, during the most trying conditions, as long as you could wish. It makes the skin look very soft and velvety, and its use cannot be detected.

"Renewing the Complexion."—Yes, the discoloured, faded outer veiling of the complexion must be absolutely removed, and I know of no safe way to do this except to use a little Mercolized Wax, applying it at night like cold cream. The active principle in Mercolized Wax soon absorbs the weakened and devitalised surface which so annoys you, revealing the fresh and beautiful young skin underneath, which is always there only waiting to be freed. The process usually takes about ten days, is quite harmless, and acts so imperceptibly that no one can tell what you are doing.

"Long, Curling Lashes."—Clipping the eye lashes is often unsuccessful. They sometimes do not grow again. Far better to apply a little pure mennaline with the fingers to the eyebrows and lashes just before retiring at night. This greatly stimulates the growth, and darkens the colour of the hairs.

"How to Make Hair Tonic."—There is no reason why you should buy the high-priced hair tonics you mention, when you can make just as good or better yourself at home. Get an ounce of boranium, and mix with a quarter-pint of bay rum. Apply this to the scalp each night, working it in with the finger tips, and in a short time you should see a considerable improvement, and find a complete absence of dandruff.

"To Reduce Plumpness."—The latest method of reducing obesity certainly is far more pleasant and convenient than all previous methods. It consists merely in taking clynol berries. The fat person who wants to reduce without the usual rigid diet, exercise, sweating baths, etc., now puts a few of these little brown berries in his or her pocket and swallows three or four each day. Most chemists stock them.

"Removing Hair."—I always recommend caution in the selection of a hair remover, and therefore suggest that you only use sipolite instead of the depilatories you mention. Get about half an ounce from the chemist and mix a little into a paste with a few drops of water. Applied direct to the superfluous hair, it causes it to wither and die in a few moments, when it can be rubbed off, leaving no trace.

"About Soap."—I should say that your trouble is caused by the soaps you have been trying. Personally, I always recommend a soap called Pilenta, because I have never known it to fail to give satisfaction. It is an absolutely pure superfatted soap, designed exclusively for use upon delicate skins, and it has the most delightful perfume I have ever found.

"THE HOME BEAUTIFUL"
Williamson & Cole Ltd.
24 to 30, High St. Clapham, S.W.4.

SPECIAL VALUES
In Curtains & Loose Covers

Resist Tropical Sun — "Sunpruf" Unfadable Fabrics — Sea Air and Washing

"Sunpruf" Unfadable Fabrics are known as the best that can be purchased. Each length is guaranteed for three years, and will be replaced if it fades.

"SUNPRUF" CASEMENT CLOTHS, 31 ins. from 11½d. to 50 ins. 1/9.

"SUNPRUF" ARTIFICIAL SILK CASEMENTS, new effects specially made for Williamson & Cole, 50 ins. from 3/9d. Interesting Figured Designs, suitable for small casements, 31ins. 2/11½d.

"SUNPRUF" SATIN STRIPE POPLIN, exceptionally rich effect, 15 beautiful colours, 48 ins. 3/6d.

"SUNPRUF" DAMASKS, SATIN CLOTHS & POPLINS, from 2/11d. to 29/11d.

"SUNPRUF" ART SILK GAUZES, 3/11½d.

"SUNPRUF" FILET NETS, 1/6½d.

THE RICH APPLIQUE CURTAIN shown in the illustration is most effective and useful, and can be supplied in various colours. The Wisteria is in Blue, Purple, Grey and Wine shades, with Green foliage, on a heavy Sand-coloured Repp with Brown Dado.
2¼ yds. long × 50 ins. wide.
Unlined, 34/6d. each. Lined, 45/- each.
Can be made to any size at a proportionate cost.

THE "RUTLAND" CHAIR
A New Large Size Comfortable Wing Chair, with spring edge seat. Covered in Cretonne at 2.4½d. per yd., or a Blue & Gold Damask of excellent design. Only 79.6d.

THE "COLLINGTON TULIP" Cretonne shown in the illustration is a most pleasing design on a cloth having the effect of linen. Its particular charm is in the beautiful arrangement of colour. 31ins. wide it costs only 3.6d. per yd., and can be had on Green or Beige ground.

BEFORE GOING DANCING

There is one thing you must do before going to the dance. Be sure there is no trace of superfluous hair to mar the smooth beauty of your arms, or to ruin the graceful outline of filmy silk stockings. For this purpose there is nothing so effective, so simple to use, so completely satisfying in its results as Veet. This perfumed, velvety cream has been used by millions the world over.

Simply spread it on as it comes from the tube, wait a few minutes, rinse it off, and not a hair remains. Simple isn't it? And remember, satisfactory results are guaranteed, or money is returned.

Get a tube to-day and ensure your daintiness and feminine charm to-night. 1/6 and 3/- at all chemists.

VEET

"VELOCIUM"
For CATARRH and HAY FEVER
Ask your Chemist for it

San-Toy (Registered) Printed Fabrics

NO longer need dress fabrics cause dissatisfaction in wear. Whatever weave or colouring you desire, ask your Draper to show you some of the new "SAN-TOY" PRINTED FABRICS—woven by Courtaulds, Ltd. Offered in a magnificent range of smart, original designs at varying prices, each production is guaranteed the finest quality of its class and printed in fast colours. "SAN-TOY" PRINTED FABRICS represent the greatest possible value, whatever price you pay.

Stocked by all Leading Drapers and Stores

All Dresses and Frocks made of "SAN-TOY" Printed Fabrics bear the makers' Tab.

If any difficulty in obtaining "SAN-TOY" Printed Fabrics, write Courtaulds, Ltd. (Dept. S19), 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1

San-Toy (Registered) Printed Fabrics

A COURTAULD FABRIC
San-Toy
BRITISH MANUFACTURE

Perthshire Highlands

PICTURESQUE PITLOCHRY

The Pass of Killiecrankie
The Falls of Tummel, Bruar and Garry: The Lochs of Tay, Tummel and Rannoch.

The Roads to all of these Places of Beauty, Romance and Historic Interest lead from

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Atholl Palace Hotel : Fisher's Hotel : Moulin Hotel : Pitlochry Hydro Hotel : Scotland's Hotel

Excellent Train Service to Pitlochry by London Midland and Scottish Railway. Tourist Tickets daily and Cheap Excursions every Friday during Season.

The MENU

SAVOURIES FOR EVERY DAY

BONNES-BOUCHES OF PRAWNS.
CHICKEN LIVER SAVOURY.
OYSTERS WITH CHEESE SAUCE.
BLOATER ROE (HARD).
SARDINES WITH CHEESE.
ROES AND MUSHROOMS ON TOAST.

Bonnes-Bouches of Prawns

MAKE a paste of some picked prawns mixed with anchovy butter, and anchovy or shrimp paste. Spread some fried *croûtons* with the paste and place a prawn on the paste. Sprinkle with paprika, in the centre place a stoned olive filled with anchovy butter, and on the top a caper. Serve cold, garnished with cress.

Chicken Liver Savoury

The liver of a chicken, if not wanted for the stuffing, makes a nice savoury. Boil it, and then mash it to a paste, and mix it with one dessertspoonful of anchovy paste, one dessertspoonful of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Spread the paste on fingers of toast, then beat half a yolk of an egg with a quarter-cupful of cream; stir this till thick, and pour over the fingers and serve at once.

Oysters with Cheese Sauce

1½ oz. butter, 2 oz. flour, 4 oz. cream cheese, half-pint milk. Melt the butter, add the flour and cheese, and mix well off the fire. Add the milk gradually, put the pan on the fire, and stir until the sauce boils. Make a piece of hot buttered toast for each person. Place three or four oysters on each piece of toast, and pour the boiling sauce over.

Bloater Roe (Hard)

Remove the roes and fry them in butter; chop them up, season with pepper and a little anchovy essence, with a pinch of chopped parsley; pile the mixture up on small rounds of hot buttered toast, and decorate it with a little hard-boiled egg, yolk or white, if you have it at hand.

Sardines with Cheese

Drain and wipe a dozen sardines, take out the bones; dip them in oiled butter, and roll in grated cheese. Place the fillets on fried bread *croûtons*, put them in a hot oven for a few minutes, and serve very hot.

Roes and Mushrooms on Toast (a Savoury)

Fry some mushrooms, and have ready some *croûtons* of fried bread on which to place them. On the top of each mushroom place a bloater roe, curled round, which has been heated through in butter. The roes can be bought in bottles, and as they are already cooked only require a minute or two to get hot. This is a nice savoury. EMILIA.

THE BYSTANDER

6, GREAT NEW STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.
Telephone: Central 7511.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

For 12 months. (*Including Christmas No.*)		For 6 months.		For 3 months.	
U.K.	£3 3 0	U.K.	£1 11 6	U.K.	15s. 9d.
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ABROAD ..	£3 7 6	ABROAD ..	£1 13 9	ABROAD ..	17s. 0d.

In all cases including postage.

POSTAGE RATES

INLAND 1½d. CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND 1½d. FOREIGN 3d.

BY APPOINTMENT

"The Aristocrat of the Breakfast Table."

Only Selected Seville Oranges and Refined Sugar, but so skilfully blended as to preserve the valuable tonic properties of the fruit. "Your Olde English Marmalade . . . . . makes breakfast worth while," writes a user.

Chivers' Olde English Marmalade

CHIVERS & SONS, LTD., The Orchard Factory, HISTON, CAMBRIDGE.

Try
MAYONNATO
(TOMATO MAYONNAISE)
with
Salads, Cutlets, Chops, or ANYTHING!
Made by
BURGESS & SON
(OF ANCHOVY FAME).

Get your Grocer or Stores to supply you and you will ask for more.

MESSAGERIES MARITIMES
Personally Conducted Tours
visiting
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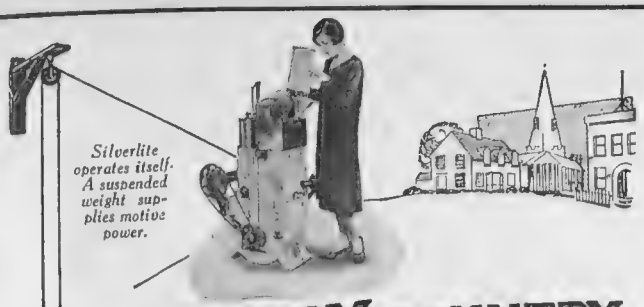

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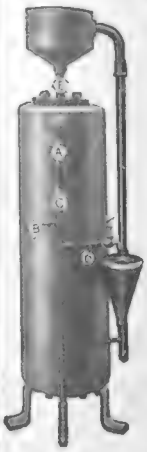

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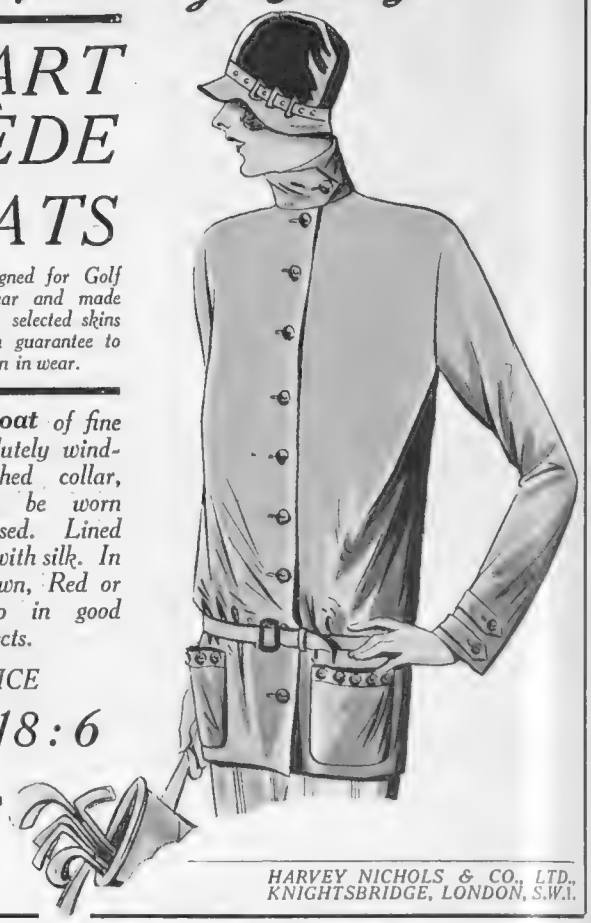

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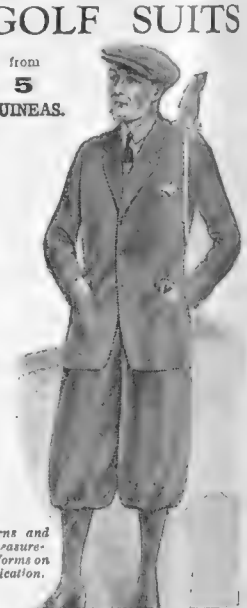

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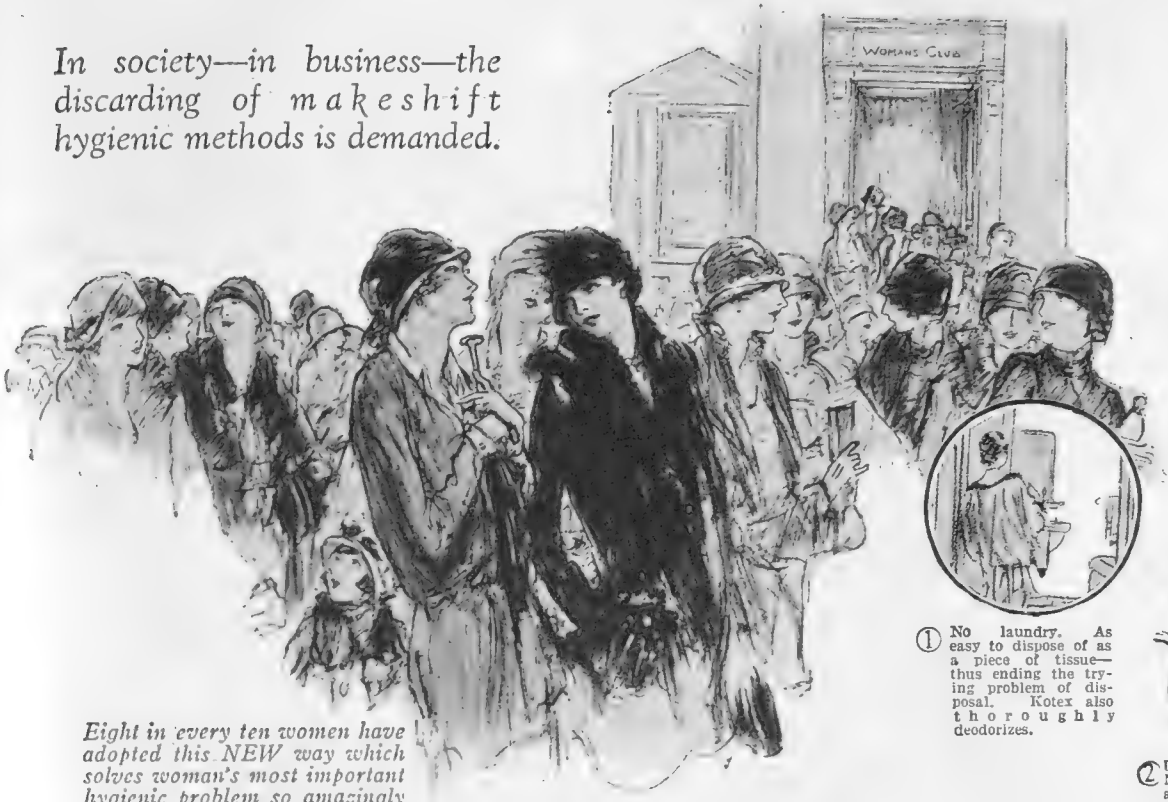

Eight in every ten women have adopted this NEW way which solves woman's most important hygienic problem so amazingly . . . by ending the uncertainty of old ways . . . and adding the convenience of disposability.

By HILDA V. ADAMS,
Registered Nurse

THE lives of women to-day are different from those of yesterday. More is accomplished, more is *expected*. The modern woman, unlike her predecessors, cannot afford to lose precious days.

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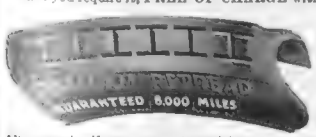

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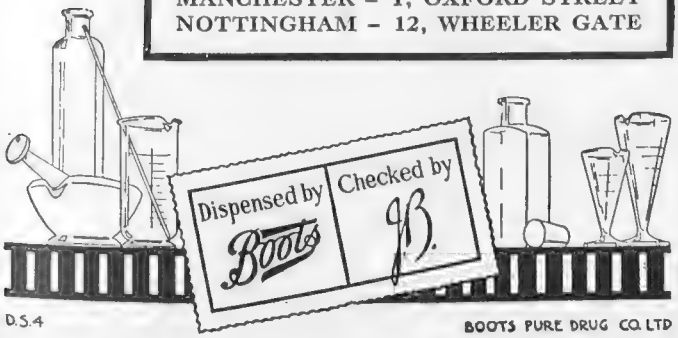

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Rome.—Palace Hotel. Situated in the smart Ludovisi quarter, opposite the Queen-Mother's Palace; luxury and comfort.

The Royal. Sunny San Remo. Illustrated Folder Free on request.
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The First Special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER.
Fully equipped and specially staffed for the better treatment and research into the causes of Cancer.
DONATIONS, SUBSCRIPTIONS & LEGACIES ARE EARNESTLY SOLICITED
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The prettiest Hotel; quite new; facing sea. Avenue Edouard VII, Place du Casino Municipal Boulevard de la Plage.

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350 ROOMS. 300 BATHROOMS. FACING SEA.

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Every possible Comfort.
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Own 18-Hole Golf, 5 Tennis, 8 Croquet, 1 Squash Racket Court. 100 Bathrooms.
Running H. & C. Water. Special Ballroom. E. H. PEYRON, *Owner-Manager.*

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Near Golf. Every comfort. Croquet et Tennis.
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Splendid views of Sea and Mountains, own Golf Links on the cliffs behind the hotel.

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Entirely Renovated. 80 Rooms. 50 Suites. Centre Sea Front.
HOTEL DE MENTON and DU MIDI
FAMOUS RESTAURANT OPEN TO END OF MAY.
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MAXIM'S, NICE
Open all Night.

PARIS.
HOTEL ASTORIA.
AVENUE DES CHAMPS ELYSÉES.
Facing the Arc de Triomphe.
In the most Aristocratic Quarter.
THE HIGHEST STANDARD OF HOTEL PERFECTION.
Restaurant Open to Non-Residents.

"The Secret of Slenderness."

THE "CORSLO AMINCI"

For Full Figures

The "Corslo Aminci" is an interesting addition to the famous Corslo Novelties designed by our Corsetière, whose originality has revolutionised modern corsetry. The "Corslo Aminci" gives that invisible support demanded by smart women of to-day, and with no break at the waistline is a perfect union of brassière and ceinture. It has a double front, the underpart is cleverly boned to give the necessary uplift to the abdomen, obviating in certain cases the necessity of wearing a surgical belt, and the specially arranged elastic holds the diaphragm in perfect comfort. The "Corslo Aminci" will at the same time mould the figure into long, graceful lines without any feeling of compression, forming a perfect foundation, and giving distinction and natural beauty of line to the most fashionable day and evening gowns, etc. The slim figure that requires surgical support will find the "Corslo Aminci" especially beneficial.

"THE CORSLO AMINCI" in cotton tricot with double front, boned back, closed or laced, fastening at left side, four pairs of suspenders, bones removable, and can be washed as easily as ordinary underclothes. In pink and white. Measurements required: bust, waist and hips.

Price **4 Gns.**

In silk tricot, 7 Gns.

Debenham & Freebody

(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)

Wigmore Street. (Cavendish Square) London W.1

Patent 283667. *Sent on approval.*

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Ladies' own hair permanently waved by our perfected process which dispenses with the use of electric heaters. Charming results ensured.

Please write for Catalogue

The Transformation is supplied in natural wavy hair, price from 15 Guineas. Toupet, for front and top of head only, from 7 Guineas. Shingled headdress from 20 Gns.

MAISON NICOL LTD.

170, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Two minutes from Piccadilly end of Bond Street

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OUR INSTALMENT PLAN OF PAYMENT IS AVAILABLE IF PREFERRED

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

FASCINATING UNDERWEAR OF UNIQUE DESIGN

Hosiery Department, Ground Floor.

***Charming Vest** of super quality artificial silk lock-knit, with top attractively trimmed cafe net lace and deep V front finished in multi-colour embroidery stitch. The full cut knickers trimmed to match vest are finished at knee with floral ribbon to tone. In White, Pink, Peach, Pale Blue, Mauve, Apple Green.*

***Vest** Price 15/9*

***Knicker** Price 19/9*

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON. S.W.1

INEXPENSIVE FELT HATS

Ground Floor, Millinery Department.

FINE QUALITY FELT HAT, with attractive cut brim, finished in front with metal buckle. In brown, black, fawn, green, navy and red.

Price **21/9**

Posed by Miss Norah Swinburne.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET

LONDON W.1

JEWEL Selection made easy

Two FREE Booklets

FOR EVERY WOMAN OF TASTE

In the possession of every woman should be these indispensable guides to the selection of gems for every occasion. They describe (with accompanying illustrations from actual photographs) the diversified range of Ciro Pearl necklets and the comprehensive choice of artistic designs in Ciro Jewellery set with Ciro Pearls, Emeralds, Sapphires, Rubies and Diamonds.

These two charming Booklets can be yours for the asking. May we send them to you post free?

Ciro Pearls Ltd.

(DEPT. 7A)
178 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.
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MANCHESTER 14 ST. ANNS SQUARE. LIVERPOOL 25 CHURCH STREET
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Does it mean flu?

Let us hope it's only a passing disturbance. But no man ought to let himself run the risk of 'flu. It isn't fair to his own health, and it isn't fair to all the people who can catch it from him. The finest preventive in the world is a tablespoonful of Sanitas Fluid in half a tumbler of water as a gargle every morning and evening. Could anything be easier? Certainly nothing could be more effective.

After a sunless Summer these precautions are doubly necessary.

SANITAS FLUID

Over 10 Years Old.

There's no use talking-

TASTE IT!

Mackinlay's

LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

Distilled, blended and bottled in Scotland.

Also MACKINLAY'S V.O.B.

CHAS. MACKINLAY & CO., *Distillers,* LEITH.

The BYSTANDER

£500 GOLF TROPHY

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7, 1928

AT ST. GEORGE'S HILL GOLF CLUB, WEYBRIDGE

[Station: Weybridge, S.R.]

A Silver Cup for the Winning Professional—

THE BYSTANDER CHALLENGE TROPHY VALUED AT £500

—and a similar cup to be awarded to his Lady Partner

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST.

The Competition is an Invitation Mixed Foursomes (professional partnered by a lady member of the same club) played over 36 holes (Medal Play).

Professionals to be rated at plus 4. Ladies' L.G.U. Handicap limited to 18.
Pairs to receive three-eighths of combined Handicap.

All ties for 1st, 2nd or 3rd places must be played off next day over 18 holes unless otherwise agreed to by the competitors concerned and the Managing Committee.

All matters relating to the Competition, Regulation of Handicaps, etc., will be decided by the Committee in charge of the Meeting, whose decision shall be final. A DRAW will be made for starting times.

Invitations have been issued to 70 clubs in and around London. All competitors will be made Honorary Members of the Club on Tuesday and Wednesday, March 6th and 7th, and on the day of the contest will be the guests for lunch and tea of "The Bystander," which will also provide caddies.

Golden Moments with "His Master's Voice"

Ask your dealer for full particulars of both Instruments and Records.

ALL the music you love is held captive for you in "His Master's Voice" records—the haunting tenderness of Mozart, the modern frenzy of Stravinsky, played with fire and inspiration by the world's greatest musicians. Every golden note and every lightest inflection is caught and held for all time for your enjoyment—to share with your friends. "His Master's Voice" records played on the "His Master's Voice" instruments bring the finest music into your home, the lure of the latest Blues played by the best dance bands of Britain and America—your own favourite music always ready whenever and wherever you want it.

The NEW

"His Master's Voice"

Electrical Recordings

THE GRAMOPHONE COMPANY, LTD., OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W. 1.

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